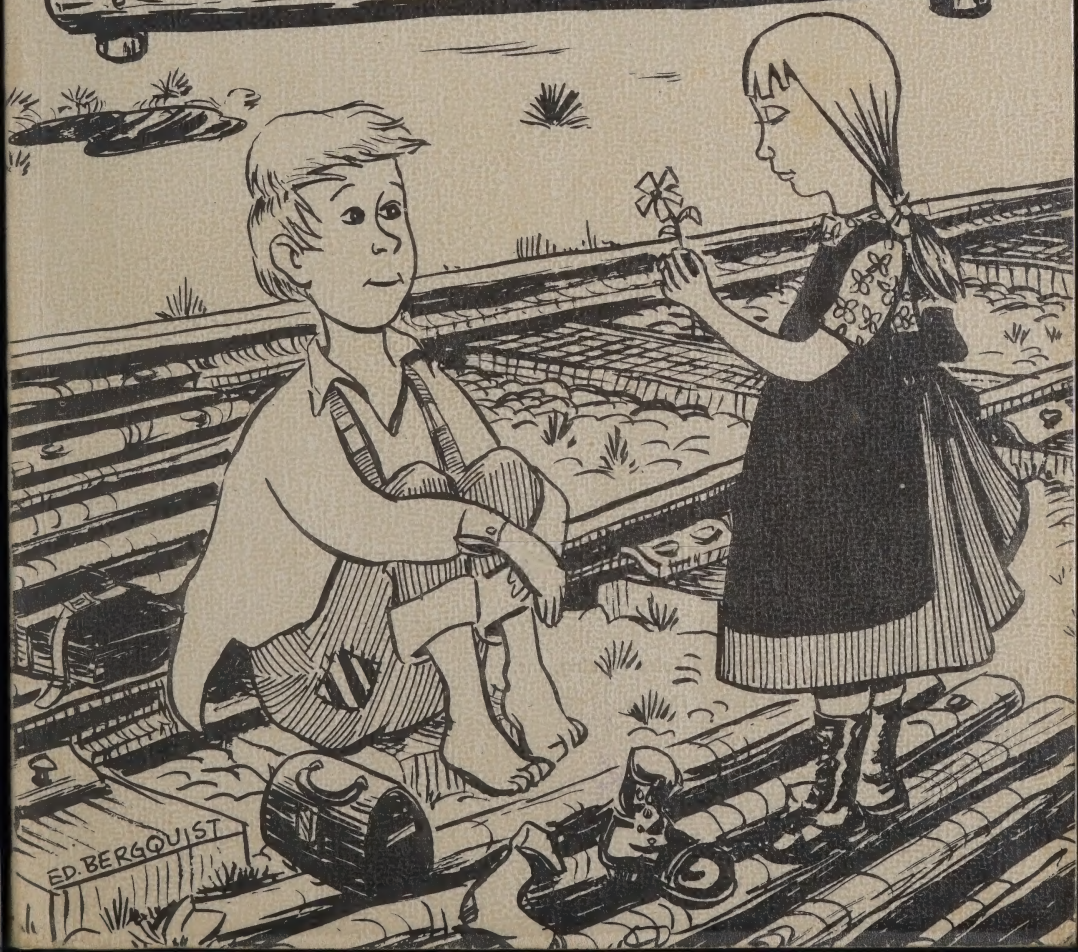


MEMOIRS OF ESTELLE DES ROCHER ZUMWALT A MIAMI PIONEER



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Louise B Ingalls

MEMOIRS

of

ESTELLE DesROCHERS ZUMWALT

a

MIAMI PIONEER



**COMPILED BY
THELMA PETERSON PETERS**



**SKETCHES
BY
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This book is dedicated to
our children and their children

Estelle Zumwalt

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Stella J. J. J.

PART I

GROWING UP IN LEMON CITY

THE EARLY YEARS

When the Big Freeze hit northern Florida December 8, 1894, the DesRochers family was living in Melrose. That night the thermometer dropped to nineteen degrees and the pans of milk in our screened pantry froze like icecream. But the tragedy of it was that the bearing grove father had recently bought had frozen, too. The oranges were balls of ice and in a few days they were black and rotting on the ground under the naked trees.

Father began to think about moving farther south. So did others who lived in Melrose among them the Westgards and the MacGregors whom we were to know later in Lemon City.

I was born in Jacksonville in 1887, the second child and the first daughter of Henry and Katherine Bender DesRochers. Father was born in Chicago and mother in Huntington, Indiana, but they met in Jacksonville and were married there July 15, 1884.

The name "DesRochers" means "People of the Rocks." One early DesRochers prevented Prince Philip from being killed in ambush and was rewarded with a large grant of land. Our immediate ancestors moved to Montreal about 1835. My grandfather, my father's father, Francis Gideon DesRochers, was born there November 8, 1839. His parents dedicated him to be a priest but grandfather had other ideas. He tried medical school for a time but abandoned this to become a first class cabinet maker, a trade he learned while living in Newark, New Jersey. He returned to Montreal and married my grandmother, Hermenia Beauchamp, in 1853.

The Beauchamp family came from Normandy, France, and were a titled family until the last Lord Beauchamp died and there was no male heir and the title passed to Lord Potts. My grandmother, Hermenia, was born in Montreal in 1836.

My DesRochers grandparents lived for a time in Chicago and then in Murphysboro, Illinois, where grandfather managed a general store owned by Lieutenant-General Jenkins. Grandfather was interested in expanding fruit culture in southern Illinois and eventually had a large greenhouse of his own in Cairo, Illinois. When he moved to Jacksonville he also had a greenhouse.

Henry and Hermenia had four children: my father, Henry, born June 6, 1858, in Chicago; my Aunt Josephine, born April 21, 1868, in Murphysboro; Arthur and Oscar.

My father had a business in Jacksonville and also several houses

which he rented. From the sale of his business and the houses he bought the grove in Melrose.

I do not remember much about living in Jacksonville except that there was a streetcar drawn by mules in front of our home. Sometimes when the streetcar was empty the conductor would take us children for a ride to the end of the line and back. My father's brother, Oscar, lived with us in Jacksonville until he and a partner got gold fever and went to Juneau, Alaska. They found a mine but Oscar died in 1914 and all we ever got from Oscar's venture was a trunkload of Oscar's clothes and souvenirs sent home to father.

At the time we moved to Melrose there were five of us children: Calvin, Raymond, Arthur, Ralph and I. My Grandfather DesRochers had remarried and his new wife was Sarah, the sister of my mother. That made Sarah both my grandmother and my aunt. They lived on the St. John's River near Palatka so we stopped to see them on our way to our new home in Melrose.

We older children (I was seven) were playing in the yard in front of the porch when Aunt Sarah gave everybody a piece of cake. Little Ralph was up on the high porch above us and when his cake fell into a tub of rainwater he fell after it. He was drowned before anyone knew what had happened. We took his little body on to Melrose with us and buried him there. It was a sad beginning for our new life in an orange grove.

We had not been in Melrose long when a new baby came to us — Leonore, my first sister. She was born on Thanksgiving Day in 1894. The midwife who delivered her was a colored woman. The morning after Leonore was born my mother asked the colored nurse to comb my hair ready for school. The nurse had a little girl somewhat younger than I. She braided her hair in many small braids. So she fixed my hair the same way. It took a long time and I was upset when I saw myself in a mirror. I ran to mother and said, "I can't go to school like this!"

"No, girl, you can't go like that. Get down here on the floor beside the bed and hand me the comb. I'll comb your hair." She did. She put it back into two long braids. My hair was dark and wavy — dark like my father's. Mother was blond.

I remember that we had a parrot in Melrose. When the hens laid eggs and cackled then the rooster would crow and the parrot would crow just like the rooster.

One time Frank's father went out to the wood pile to get some wood to make a fire in the stove. There was a shunk out there and he gave Franks' father a good smelling! He came to the window and called to his wife to bring some water and some fresh clothes. Then he went to an outhouse and bathed and put on fresh clothes and buried the other clothes and they were never dug up.

My grandfather found two baby skunks which he named Punch and Judy. They were as clean as cats — never did smell. We carried them

around and played with them like kittens. When they were grown grandfather let them loose.

While I was at school the little colored girl played with my dolls, Pansy and Lillie. One day she punched out Pansy's eyes.

There was a little brook near the Melrose school and when spring came after that terrible freeze — really two freezes for there was another in February — I would stop to pick violets along the brook. I loved flowers even then.

Sometimes we would go in the wagon to Gainesville for supplies for there were only small stores in Melrose. It would take all day, for the road was only a sandy trail through the woods.

My father was a skilled carpenter and cabinet maker and he heard that men were needed to build the Royal Palm Hotel at a new town called Miami. The grove was ruined, anyway, and father had a large family to care for. He rode the train to Miami in April. The first time the Florida East Coast Railway offered excursion prices the rest of us went south to join father. That was July 4, 1896. Leonore was sickly and the doctor feared she might not stand the trip. Mother carried her on a pillow.

Our first house was a small rented frame house near present N.E. 75th Street and 2nd Avenue. Then father bought ten acres of land where St. Mary's School now is — at present N.W. 2nd Avenue and 75th Street. On our property was a ridge of rock, a small hill. So father built our house against the hill and the lower story was a kind of basement. The dining room and kitchen were there. Upstairs were the bedroom and living room. We used kerosene lamps and lanterns. The lanterns were safer and easier to carry about.

We had an outdoor toilet and, in summer, trips to this toilet were never leisurely — there were too many mosquitoes. My brother Raymond would say to the mosquitoes, "Skeeters, skeeters, don't bozer me and I won't bozer you!" We used to burn rags or palmetto roots to smudge the mosquitoes.

Soon after we moved into the "basement" house our dog Spot saved Leonore's life. She was only two years old and she wandered away from the house. But Spot was with her as he always was. He saw a rattlesnake and grabbed Leonore by the dress and pulled her back, barked, grabbed her dress, and barked, until father came running and killed the snake.

We had a well in the yard and a force pump on the well. By using a hose on the force pump we could pipe water into our basement kitchen where we had a sink.

While we were living at this house a funny thing happened one day when we made a freezer of icecream. Some rock salt which we mixed with the ice got into the icecream and spoiled it — it was too salty for us. One of our pigs was in the backyard so we set the icecream down to see if the pig would eat it. He put his nose into it and jerked back in a hurry and squealed and squealed. He didn't know what to make

of anything that cold. He tried again, got a little on his tongue, and between squeals he ate all of that icecream.

One day I was naughty and Father got a barrel stave and started after me. I ran down the hill but he could run faster. He caught me and hit me all the way back to the house. He usually used his razor strap on us. But Mother only used cherry or guava switches on us.

Our "basement" house on the hill was about a half mile from the Solomon Peters' home. Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Peters and their large family of grown or nearly grown children came to Dade County about the time we did and for the same reason: their grove at Lady Lake had frozen in the same double freeze of '94-'95 that killed our grove in Melrose. Most of the Peters' sons grew tomatoes at one time or another and as a young woman I sometimes worked at the Peters' tomato packing house, first in Little River and later at Peters, a large plantation near Perrine.

One son, Tom Peters, and his wife, Texas, had a little blond, blue-eyed daughter named Ruth. Ruth was about Leonore's age and she used to come to our house to play. My father had made Leonore and me a little cupboard out of a crate and we kept all our doll dishes in it. One day Ruth picked up our family cat but he struggled to get free and as he did he managed to tip over the cupboard and most of the dishes fell out and were broken. Ruth felt so bad about this that she cried and cried.

When Ruth was about five years old she suddenly became sick and died. Her parents never got over that. A shock like that you never do get over. Today Ruth's little tombstone is one of the first you see when you enter the Miami City Cemetery.

You would never know it now but all along what today is North East Second Avenue from 71st to 75th Streets was very low land with water standing most of the year. A ditch was dug along one side of the road to help draw off this water. A corduroy road had to be built across this low land — logs with fill put on top. Even then there would be times when the water would be clear over the road and we would take off our shoes and stockings and wade as we went that way to school. Everybody carried his books in a strap over the shoulder and that gave one free hand for shoes and socks. The children from our area generally met at 71st Street and N.E. 2nd Avenue and went on together from there — along a corduroy road to the railroad track and along the railroad track to the Lemon City School which was just east of the track near 61st Street. Some of the other families that lived near us were the Peterses, the Moffats, the Mettairs and the Russells.

On the way home from school we used to stop sometimes and fish with pin hooks in the ditch. If we were lucky we caught shrimp. In one place a spring of water bubbled up and we would drink from that spring. Today the Borden Milk Company is almost on that exact spot.

The ditch went along 75th street, too — our street — except it was not a real street, only sand and mud. We used to borrow Mother's wash tub and paddle around in that ditch.

When we walked those sand wagon roads and trails we usually carried a stick to kill a snake with if we saw one. There were many rattlesnakes in those days and you had to keep sharp eye out for them all the time.

While we lived on the hill we had a cow and a pony. Not many people had cows but we always had one. One day father went to get the cow and she was on the other side of a barbed wire fence. He reached down under the fence to make a grab for her rope and she pulled him through the fence and ripped his britches.

One time some of us children got stung so badly by bees that we got sick. There was a hive of bees in our tools house and my brothers, Leonore, Duncan Moffat and I tried to get the honey ourselves. When the bees swarmed out like a cloud my brothers ran but Leonore, Duncan and I were stung all over.

We had a two-wheeled dump cart that our pony would pull. Once when one of my cousins, Edith Zaring, came to visit us from Jacksonville, we hitched up the pony, fixed a big lunch and headed for Coconut Grove. In those days there was only a narrow bridge across the Miami River — just wide enough for one wagon to cross at a time. And beyond the bridge the road had not yet been paved with crushed rock as it was to be later. We got to the Grove all right and had our picnic but when we started home the dump cart tipped and spilled us all into the sand. We sat there on the ground laughing and the only hurt was from sandspurs. But we were all glad we had eaten our lunch and not spilled it into the sand.

The first school we attended at Lemon City was one-room, maybe twelve by eighteen feet and the teacher was Miss Ada Merritt. The school was near the track and sometimes Miss Ada would let us stand outside and watch the train go by. We knew when trains were due and some of us walked the tracks to school. Sometimes when we were on the tracks a handcar would come along and give us all a lift — as many as could hang on. We loved that.

We always took our lunches to school and one problem was keeping the ants out of them. Children who brought lunches in sacks sometimes tied them up in a tree but that did not always work. I took my lunch in a metal bucket with a lid and the ants couldn't get in. My favorite sandwich was homemade bread with tomato preserves. My mother made the best bread and tomato preserves I ever ate. I could always trade one of my tomato preserve sandwiches for something else if I wanted to. The other children loved to get those sandwiches.

Miss Ada used to ride her white horse to school. She wore a regular long dress and rode side-saddle. The horse was tied in the palmettoes near the school and we always fed him scraps left from our lunches. Miss Ada lived in Buena Vista about two miles south of Lemon City. Sometimes she came to school by boat.

We children dug up palmettoes and rocks and made a ball field and the girls played ball just as much as the boys did.

Later this school house was replaced with a larger one about a block

south of the first one. The new one had two rooms downstairs and one big room upstairs. That big room used to be used for programs and meetings and even church services but later it was divided into two classrooms. There was a porch upstairs and one down and the stairs went from one porch to the other. One time at Halloween some of the boys put the principal's cow on the upstairs porch. That was after Miss Ada had moved to the Miami School. No one would have treated Miss Ada like that.

After we got the new two-story school we all helped plant a row of banyan trees near the school. That school was on the north side of N.E. 59th Street and some of those banyan trees are still there though the school has been gone for more than fifty years.

While we were in the two-story school one of our teachers was Mrs. Carrie Stephens. A terrible thing happened one day at recess. The boys were playing with bows and arrows and Eddie Matthaus shot an arrow that hit Hubert Stephens in the eye and put his eye out. Our teacher, Hubert's mother, fainted and someone went to call the doctor. The doctor took the arrow out of Hubert's eye but Hubert was blind in that eye all his life. I was there and saw it all. Poor Eddie, he was so broken-hearted. The children never played with bows and arrows around that school again.

The Knight Brothers, D. R. and Johnny, had a store and a sawmill at 61st Street and the Bay. You could buy almost everything from canned milk to calico in that store. One day when Leonore was sent to the store to buy something Duncan Moffat went with her. Mr. Dan Knight had a croker sack full of peanuts there and he told the children they could have what they could carry. They stuffed their pockets, their blouses and filled their hands, but Mr. Knight didn't care. He just laughed.

Many of the homes in Lemon City were built of lumber from Knight's saw mill. The Knights owned land northwest of Lemon City and from this land they cut the timber for the mill.

We children used to like to fish from the Knight dock. We almost always owned a little sail boat and sometimes we would go out in that to fish. The water was very clear and we could see the fish against the sandy bottom or swimming in the seagrass. Sometimes we went to Bird Key about a half mile away and had a picnic.

Fishing boats came in to Knight's dock to sell their fish. As a boat neared Lemon City the captain would blow a conch shell to tell everyone there was fish for sale. It was a little hard to blow a conch shell — the little end piece had to be properly broken away to give you a place to blow. A good conch shell could be heard a half mile away. Many a time we used to buy a kingfish a yard long for a quarter. Sometimes we'd buy crawfish.

We learned to swim in the Bay. We'd go to the shore a couple of blocks south of Knight's dock or a little north of present Morningside Park. We'd take our bathing suits, which were usually old dresses for

us girls. We would change in one part of the bushes and the boys in another place.

One time some socks and underwear were missing and we all began to accuse one another of stealing or of playing tricks. But then someone discovered a sock sticking out of a crab hole and we all had a good laugh. The crabs had been after our clothes.

Later we girls wore bathing suits made of black sateen with high collars, sleeves to the elbow, a black skirt to the knees over black bloomers also to the knees. With this outfit we wore black cotton stockings. Sometimes a whole crowd of us would go by boat to the Beach and walk from bayside across to oceanside. Sometimes we went to the House of Refuge and sometimes to Crocodile Hole. There was less walking when we went to Crocodile Hole for the beach was very narrow at that place. At this time no one had ever dreamed that someday there would be a bridge or causeway to the Beach.

There were five of us children when we came to Lemon City, three boys and two girls. Then my parents had five more children, four girls and a boy.

Hazel was the first to be born in Lemon City. That was in 1898 and Dr. John G. Dupuis had just come to Lemon City. The first baby he delivered was John Sherman and the second was our Hazel, three days later. At the time Hazel was born the water was so deep across the swamp along N.E. 2nd Avenue that Dr. Dupuis had to come by horseback to get to our house.

The next baby was Oscar but he only lived about three months. He is buried in the City Cemetery. Then came Pearl, Una and Johnnie in that order.

After the Royal Palm Hotel was finished Mr. Flagler commenced to build a lot of houses north of the Miami River and not far from the hotel. These were frame houses, mostly two stories, with porches, and gables, and baywindows like the style then. Partly Mr. Flagler did this to help the carpenters and other mechanics who were out of work. So Father continued to work in Miami and that was so far away — almost five miles — that he did not come home except weekends. He lived in a tent down there.

Then in 1899 there was the yellow fever epidemic in Miami but not in Lemon City. Miami was under a quarantine. Father couldn't come home and we couldn't go to Miami. The barrier was at the City Cemetery so he would come to one side of the barrier and give mother his money and we would take a basket of food to give him. We could get close enough to talk but not real close.

The Mettair family was almost as large as the DesRochers family. William Mettair came to Dade County soon after the Civil War and he became the first sheriff. But that was long before we came to Lemon City. I can remember that Bill Mettair had a blacksmith shop east of the railroad track about 69th Street. He also had a little meat market. Wednesday he got a quarter of beef and on Fridays he got a hog. The

meat came in on the train. He would cut it up and all of us would go there on Wednesdays and Fridays to get our meat.

Mr. Mettair used to put his children in the buckboard and come and pick us all up and we would all go to the circus in Miami. The boys used to water the elephants to get passes. Once coming home on a dark night Mr. Mettair drove through the City Cemetery and stopped there to tell us ghost stories. He got us all scared but I think we enjoyed it.

After we had all been to the circus we would come home and try tight-rope walking and doing tricks with the pony. One day when my brother was riding the pony we thought he was doing a trick but he wasn't. He had stirred up a bumble bee nest while riding on the prairie and that pony never came home so fast before or since!

Suppose we talk about the barefoot mailman. The first one was Charles Oxer. He was born in Miami. They had a homestead from N.E. 14th Street on up to Miramar and about a half mile of frontage on the bay. That's where he was born. Where Sears store is now is where their house was.

The second one was Mr. Hamilton. He got drowned. Then Ned Pent was the third one. They used to all walk from Palm Beach into Miami.

M. F. Matthaus drove a buckboard along the Military Trail cut by soldiers going to Ft. Dallas in 1838. He carried mail. Ed Moffet drove a mule-drawn stage from Palm Beach to Lemon City.

After Ned Pent quit walking the beach, there was a wagon road built from Palm Beach into Miami. Mr. Stranahan took over that route. Mr. Stranahan was mayor of Ft. Lauderdale a long time. He married Ivy Cromartie. The Cromarties used to live in Lemon City and go to the Lemon City School. There was Blossom and Ivy and Dwight and Pink. Pinkie was the youngest.

The Oxers used to have a comptie will and they used to trade some of the starch to the Indians for venison, turkey and things like that. They would also send starch to Key West and trade it for supplies. The Charles Oxer's had two sons, but one died and one is a dentist here in Miami.

Mr. Hurst had the mill up on 103rd St. I think Hurst's was the biggest mill. Then the Saunders had a small comptie mill on N.E. 54th Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenue. They used to have a mule go round and round and grind the compties. Then he would spread the stuff out to dry. You could use that starch to make puddings just the same as cornstarch. You could also use it to starch your clothes. The comptie plant itself has a fernlike leaf. The root is the part they dug up to make the starch. On top there was a round seed cone — we used to string the red berries with popcorn at Christmas for decorations. We have some comptie plants in our yard.

I'll tell about the early boats. The Brickells had a schooner and I can't think of the name of that schooner, but that is the boat the Zumwalt family came from Ft. Lauderdale to Miami in. The Filers used to have a schooner called the *Magnolia* and they used to go to Key West in it. Then there was *The Three Sisters*. It was a sloop and went to the Ba-

hamas. Then there was the *Mystery-J* and it went to Nassau and Key West. There was also the *Bells Brickell*, it used to run to Cuba. It was a sail boat to begin with and I don't think it belonged to the Brickells. It started to Jacksonville to have engines put in it and on the way it disappeared and never has been heard from since — guess it got caught in the Devil's Triangle.

The *Osseo* was the official mail boat. It sailed from Lemon City to Key West once a week. Mr. Pierce had two boats — the *Delta* and the *Clara*. They sailed from Lemon City to Key West once a week. The *Pearl* was a sloop; the *Mistletoe* was a steamer that ran from Jacksonville to Tortugas once a month. All of them carried supplies.

Why is a ship called a "she"? I read that it's because she is all decked out and usually pretty well stacked, has pleasing lines from stem to stern and there's generally a gang of men around her. In entering home port, she heads straight for the buoys!

From the time we arrived in Lemon City in 1896 until 1970 there was never a year without one of our family being in a Lemon City school. That must be the record for any family in Dade County.

I remember my first day at the little one-room school taught by Miss Ada Merritt because this was a fateful day for me. I met Frank Zumwalt. I was standing on the doorstep and he looked at me and smiled. I smiled back. The next day he began bringing me flowers and fruit and he did this all the rest of his life. I was nine years old then and he was twelve. Later we were to have over sixty-four years of married life together. Frank was my childhood sweetheart and my lifetime sweetheart.

Frank Oakley Zumwalt's great-great-great grandfather, Andrew I. Zumwalt, was born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1698. He and his brother, Balzar, came to America together sailing from Rotterdam in September 1737 on the ship *Virtuous* and landed in Baltimore. Andrew married twice, both times to Baltimore women. His first wife was Mary and their children were Henry, George, Delia, Elizabeth and Margaret. Mary died in 1749 and Andrew married Ann Regina who had been born in Switzerland. Six children were born to Andrew and Ann Regina: Christopher, Jacob, John, Adam, Andrew and Catherine. All seven of Andrew's sons served in the Revolutionary War. Andrew took the oath of allegiance in York County, Pennsylvania in 1747. He died 1765 in Frederick County, Virginia.

Christopher, the son of Andrew and Ann Regina was my Frank's great-great grandfather. He married Elizabeth Shever Keller. Their son, Christopher, and his brother, Jacob, moved to St. Charles County, Missouri, in 1796. There they built Fort Zumwalt and a mill. Frank's great-grandfather, Christopher, married Mary and their son, Levi, Frank's grandfather, married Betty Humphrey. Their son, William Joshua, married Abby Peek and these were the parents of Frank.

The William J. Zumwalts came to Lemon City from Palatka in 1895. The furniture store which he had had in Palatka was destroyed by fire while he was helping a neighbor fight a fire at another location. He

brought with him to Lemon City a boat-load of furniture. I think the boat was owned by the Brickells. At this time they had two children, Frank, and a little girl named Lillie, who was almost exactly my age.

Mr. Zumwalt rented space in the Carey Hotel which was near the Bay at about 56th Street and opened a furniture store. This was the first furniture store in the Miami area. The Zumwalts lived in the hotel at first. After a year Mr. Zumwalt sold his furniture business to Edwin Nelson who moved it to Miami. Edwin Nelson was also an undertaker.

Mr. Zumwalt began to farm tomatoes in Allapattah and the family moved to a home on 56th Street, driving back and forth to the farm in a wagon.

When we first came here the Indians used to come by canoe or wagon to trade at Knight's store. Later we would only see them when we went to Miami.

When we came the Brickells lived on the south side of the Miami River and they had an Indian trading post. Mrs. Julia Tuttle lived north of the river and she was a good friend of the Indians. The Indians would bring feathers, skins, eggs and sometimes huckleberries to sell or trade. They would trade alligator hides for whiskey — how they loved that whiskey! Sometimes they would have to lay over a day or two to sober up before going home. An Indian family walked single file — father in front, then mother, then children according to their ages, the oldest first.

Lemon City had a library when we got here. At first it was in the home of a lady named Mrs. Cornelia Keys on the bayfront. People donated books they could spare and some gave a dime each month toward new books. In 1902 the library got a building of its own — just east of the railroad tracks on 61st Street. My father helped get the land for this library and also helped build the building. For a long time it was a community center of Lemon City. Entertainments, suppers, dances, and even political rallies were held there. Sometimes these affairs were to raise money for the library. Bill Mettair and George and Rebecca Freeman used to play their violins for square dancing. My brother, Arthur, played the harmonica. Homemade icecream and cake were popular — you could always get a crowd if you advertized an icecream social.

Edna Mettair, the eldest Mettair daughter, was the treasurer of the library. There was also a Lemon City Improvement League that helped get some of the streets paved. When this league disbanded the money left in the treasury was turned over to the Parent-Teacher Association to get books for the school and later a lunchroom.

In 1902 we moved from the "basement" house on the hill to N. E. Second Avenue at 62nd Street — on the east side of the avenue. Father built a two-story building: downstairs was a grocery store and bicycle shop, and upstairs was our home.

All of us children who were big enough helped in the store. The soap used to come in a wooden box and I used one of those boxes to stand on when I washed dishes. The crackers came in a wooden box, the cheese in a big solid wheel and the bacon in a slab. Although there

was an ice plant in Miami by this time we did not have any refrigeration so we did not sell fresh meat. When you wanted fresh meat you bought from Mettair or on a shopping trip to Miami.

One day two Indians came into the store to sell mother some huckleberries. She said she didn't want any. Then the Indians bought some crackers and cheese and hung around the store eating it. Then they said, "No money. You keep huckleberries."

Road paving meant putting a narrow strip of crushed rock from a rock pit along the road, wetting it down and rolling it with a roller. The first road roller operated on steam and made a fearful noise. The roads were smooth, hard and white but usually only twelve feet wide. Second Avenue was paved from Miami to what we used to call Everglades Avenue or present 79th Street. With smooth roads everybody began riding bicycles. We not only sold bicycles in our store but after a time Dad tried selling motorcycles.

Then he wanted to learn to ride one himself so one day my brothers tried to teach him. They got him started and he rode around the only square of rock roads we had — up Second Avenue to Everglades Avenue, east on Everglades and across the railroad track, south on East Dixie and back across the railroad at 61st Street, then west to our store. Dad made his first circle and when we heard him coming we came to watch. But he didn't stop. Instead he yelled, "Hey! Stop his thing! Stop this thing! Whoa! Whoa!" Everybody just whooped with laughter and nobody could do a thing so Dad kept riding. He went around the "square" three times and finally ran out of gas east of the railroad track.

After a time they began tarring the country roads. I remember one day after the road in front of our house was recently tarred that Mrs. Pat Peters, Annie, came riding along on her bicycle on her way home from Miami and skidded and fell. She had on a brand new linen dress. Was she a mess. She stopped at our store and Mother washed her off with kerosene and gave her another dress to wear home. It was way too big for Annie and she really looked a sight.

Our nearest neighbors, about two hundred feet south of us on Second Avenue, were Dr. and Mrs. DuPuis. The doctor had come to Lemon City in 1898 and in 1902 he built a two-story building at the corner of N. E. 61st Street and Second Avenue. Downstairs was the doctor's office and a drugstore, upstairs the DuPuis home. After he had gotten established in Lemon City Dr. DuPuis went to Paducah, Kentucky, and married Katherine Beyer. We all knew her as "Miss Kate." At the time we began to live near them the DuPuis had a little boy, John, and John or Johnny used to come and play with the younger DesRochers children.

We were living there when my youngest sister — we had planned to name her Ora — was born. John came over to inspect the new baby and he said, upon looking at her, "That baby is named Johnnie!" And we have all called her Johnnie ever since.

John usually played with my sisters Pearl and Una for they were nearer his age. But one day, after Johnnie had learned to walk, and John

and Pearl and Una were playing in a mud puddle in 2nd Avenue Johnnie fell down and got soaking wet and very dirty. John picked her up, saying, "Don't cry, Johnnie, don't cry. I'll help you." He took her home to get dry clothes.

Father had a shed where he used to do some of his carpentry work and one day John, Una and Johnnie were playing in the shed. They found a pail of roofing tar and John and Una decided to make a tarbaby out of Johnnie. They put the tar over Johnnie's face and some got into her hair and over her dress. Mother found out about it and she chased John home. Then she took Una in and gave her a good switching. After that she went to work cleaning up the "tarbaby."

Another time John got sent home was when he and Una and Frankie climbed an avocado tree and picked a half bushel of small green avocados — not half grown and therefore totally wasted.

But the DuPuis family and the DesRochers family have remained on good terms throughout the years. Now John is back in the old building in which he was born and occupies his father's old office, proud to collect about him souvenirs of his father's long life of service to his community.

Dr. DuPuis was a doctor all his life. But he also established and ran White Belt Dairy. At the time he came to Lemon City in 1898 there were almost no cows here and most people depended on canned milk. Dr. DuPuis wanted to improve the diet not only of his own patients but of the community. He was also interested in developing agriculture. He produced and patented one of our best avocados. He raised many kinds of flowers but he made a specialty of amaryllis.

His other consuming interest was in doing all he could to improve public schools. It was he more than anyone who got an agricultural high school in Lemon City. He wanted boys to learn to be good farmers and good dairymen. I will tell more about the agricultural high school when I come to my son, Frankie.

Many of the amusements which are common today, like movies and television, were undreamed of in those early Lemon City days. But the children we knew and all of us DesRochers children had plenty of recreation. I have mentioned how we fished from the dock, swam in the bay, and went boating in Mother's washtub. We made popguns from hollow elderberry stalks and used chinaberries for ammunition. We made bows and arrows from palmetto stems. We played mumble peg, jacks, hopscotch, hide-the-thimble, and follow the leader. We had spells of making stilts and walking around two feet up in the air. When the March winds began to blow we made kites.

When we got to be twelve or thirteen we began to go to boy-girl parties where a favorite game was "post office." If you missed "post office" you missed half the fun of being a teenager. The game was played like this: a group of girls and boys are seated in one room except for one boy who is in the next room, preferably a darkened room. A "postmaster" is chosen. The boy in the dark room sends out word by the "postmaster" that a letter is being held which the recipient can claim

by paying "postage due." The recipient is a girl, of course. Her name is called and then she must go into the dark room and "pay up" — which meant a kiss. Such squeals, such reluctance and hanging back, with the group egging the girl on. If the girl refused to redeem the letter she was forced to "pay a forfeit" — this was usually to do some stunt like pick a handkerchief off the floor with her teeth. It was a way out for the shy girl. But most of us would not have missed our experience in the dark room for anything. It gave us something to talk about — and sometimes to dream over.

Arch Creek natural bridge was a favorite place for folks to drive on a Sunday afternoon. We used to drive our wagon up there, fish until we had all we needed and then have a fish fry right there. We sometimes found Indian arrowheads there. At that time no one lived near the bridge but people said Indians had lived there in the past. The boys used to swim under the rock arch until the day we all saw a big crocodile there. Then never again! The bridge was a real oddity and tourists used to hire carriages and ride out to see it.



When we arrived in Lemon City the Lemon City Baptist Church was already organized and meeting in the school house. Baptizings were held in the Bay usually on Sunday afternoons. The congregation would stand on the dock or along the shore and the ones to be baptized would be led into the water wearing white robes. The Zumwalt children, Frank, Lillie and James, were all baptized in the Bay.

In 1896, the year we arrived in Lemon City, the Baptist put on a program in Mrs. Lewis Pierce's sponge warehouse in order to raise money to buy a lot and start a church building fund. The program was called "Aunt Jolly's Wax Works." Many who helped with the program were not Baptists but in those days people enjoyed helping others. Frank Zumwalt, who was twelve, and Lillie, who was nine, were in the play. The others who took part were Garry Niles, Robert Douthit, Hugh Latimer, Ella Cleare, John Peters, J. W. Spivey, Ed Ingalls, Clarence Cook, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Winfield, Cora and Rebecca Freeman, Dellie Pierce, Victoria Carey, Mrs. Archie Fitch, William Norton, Anna and Lydia Matthaus, and Carrie and Susie Watson. They raised \$80.

It was several years before the church was built. When it was it was located at 59th Street and N.E. Second Avenue. There was a force pump to fill the baptistry.

I was the first girl to be baptized in the new church. There were two boys baptized the same day: Winfield Wainright, whose folks lived on property which later became the Magic City Trailer Park and Charley Bailey who was the nephew of Miss Ada Merritt.

My mother was a large woman with blue eyes and golden hair which later turned gray. She was very good natured and everybody loved her. Children from the neighborhood came to our house to play and Mother always had candy or cookies to give them. If they got hurt she gave them first aid. Everybody loved her baked bread. John DuPuis who lived over the drugstore used to come over on baking days and he always wanted a crust from the fresh bread. Mother was one of the charter members of the Lemon City Parents-Teachers Association.

But mother could be just as strict as father. We always had a patch of pineapples as almost all the pioneers had. It was the job of my brother, Raymond, to keep the weeds hoed in the pineapple patch. Pineapple plants have sharp stickery leaves which catch your clothes and scratch your legs and arms. No one likes to hoe pineapples. So one day Raymond said to mother, "I don't feel good. I feel sick." It was the day to hoe pineapples and he thought he could get out of it. But mother said, "Alright, Raymond. Come here." She gave him a big dose of castor oil and after that he hoed the pineapples without complaining.

Along the bay a few blocks north of 61st Street lived a well-known naturalist, Dr. Charles Torrey Simpson. He was interested in all kinds of plants and had a large garden with trails and garden seats even in the mangrove which separated the high land from the bay. We would go there sometimes and he would let us wander about among the trees and shrubs. He was also a collector of shells and sometimes he would show us his shells and tell us about them. Today one of Miami's parks is named for him — Simpson Park. It too has a jungle growth and winding trails something like Dr. Simpson's home place.

When we lived over the grocery store on N.E. Second Avenue the DuPuis family lived near us over the drugstore and they kept their cow in a pasture across the street where today there is a beautiful oak

grove around the Notre Dame School for Girls. There were no oak trees at first. Dr. DuPuis planted acorns from our trees. I remember when the DuPuis cow had twin heifers in that pasture. You might say that they were the beginning of what was to become the White Belt Dairy.

Dr. DuPuis bought land west of Lemon City for his dairy in an area know as Pocomoonshine Prairie. He bought some white-belted cows brought from Holland and known as Dutch Belt. They were black except for a broad white belt around their middles. He kept increasing his herd always staying with the Dutch Belts. He also had some white belt hogs. One day Mrs. DuPuis and I were out in the yard together and we saw a big rat. It was black and had a white belt around it! Mrs. DuPuis took an active part in running the dairy since the doctor was so busy with his medical practice.

My father's sister, Josie, married John Miller and they had a grove near Leesburg. When I was about sixteen I spent a year with them and attended high school in Leesburg — my junior year. Aunt Josie used to play the organ at the Christian Church and Uncle John was one of the deacons. Aunt Josie taught me to play the piano that winter.

While I was living in Leesburg there was a bad freeze and many of Uncle John's trees died back in spite of the grove being on a peninsular jutting out into Lake Griffin and therefore somewhat protected. But the trees sprouted up again and he rebudded them and the fine grove was eventually restored. Uncle John did not depend on citrus. He raised scuppernong grapes and watermelons and many other things. When watermelons came in he had more than he could sell. We could go out to where he piled them under the grape arbor, cut one open, eat the heart and give the rest to the pigs.

Uncle John had the finest pigs in Leesburg. When hog-butchering time came around a lot of people came to buy his sausage. People really loved his sausage. This was before automobiles. Maybe there were four or five in Leesburg. Uncle John and Aunt Josie had a horse named Jack and they drove him to Leesburg hitched to their buggy. Jack was scared to death of automobiles and he never got over it. Uncle John always tied him in a side street for fear one might come along the main street.

My older brother Calvin also went away from Miami to attend school. When he was eighteen he went to Jacksonville to attend Massey Business College. He stayed in the home of my mother's sister, Aunt Lottie. One time Mother and I went up to visit him and that visit ended in tragedy for all of us.

Calvin and I went to a party one night and after the party was over we started home on the streetcar. There was a guard on the streetcar armed with a Winchester rifle — I don't know whether he was there to guard the streetcar or was a passenger on the way home. As we and others from our party started to board the car the guard moved back through the car to make room and as he did he accidentally discharged the rifle. It hit my brother Calvin in the stomach and scorched my dress.

We called an ambulance and took him to Aunt Lottie's. The doctor

came but we could not find a nurse. The doctor put him on the kitchen table and operated and I served as his nurse. It was my first nursing experience. Calvin lived about twenty-four hours. It was so sad.

In 1905 when I began my senior year of high school there was only one high school in Miami or you might say the whole Biscayne Bay area. The Miami grammar school and the four-room wooden high school were side by side where the Miami post office is now. Willis Hall was the principal that year and the other teachers were Mr. Bragg, Sarah Bayne and Hattie Carpenter. By 1905 there was a narrow rock road from Lemon City to Miami and usually I rode my bicycle back and forth to school. It was about five miles each way. Actually I walked to Miami many times, too. Everybody walked a lot in those days. Sometimes on rainy days I went over to the Lemon City station and took the train to Miami.

We only had about seven months of school in those days. I graduated April 28, 1906. At that same time my mother was giving birth to my sister Una. So I had to stay in town overnight after the graduation exercises. I stayed with John and Liz Frohock. John was an early sheriff of Dade County. The Frohocks had a home near the school. I got so many flowers at graduation that the Frohocks helped me carry them to their home and we put some in the bathtub.

This was not the first graduation class. The year before one student had graduated — Miss Florence Stephens. It was her mother, Mrs. Carrie Stephens, who had taught us at the Lemon City School. In 1906 there were four graduates — we were all girls. My three classmates were Mildred Taylor (her brother became a well known lawyer), Lottie Maynard (of the Maynard Jewelry Store Maynards) and Alice Ellis of Coconut Grove.

E. G. Sewell gave me a gold medal for being the best in literature. I still have it.

PART II

MARRIAGE AND HOME-MAKING

Frank Zumwalt was my childhood sweetheart. We were classmates and his sister, Lillie, just my age, was one of my best friends. The Zumwalts lived in Lemon City, too. In those days it was a small community and we knew almost everyone. Frank's father, William Joshua Zumwalt, was the first Post Master for Buena Vista. That was in 1896.

When Frank and I outgrew kid games, my father laid down a few rules for us. He had a Frenchman's view about chaperones — take one or else. So usually wherever we went Frank and I were accompanied by his sister, Lillie, or by my sister, Leonore. Frank had a little sailboat and in groups of three or more we sailed about the bay, or picnicked at the Beach or on Bird Key.

Mr. Lewis Pierce of Lemon City owned some property on the Beach along Indian Creek. At that time no one lived on the Beach except for the House of Refuge keepers. Mr. Pierce offered to sell some of this property to Frank for \$15 an acre. He told Frank he could just pay along on it as he could. But Frank said there were too many mosquitoes and sand flies over there and that he would never want to live there, anyway. So Frank passed up the chance.

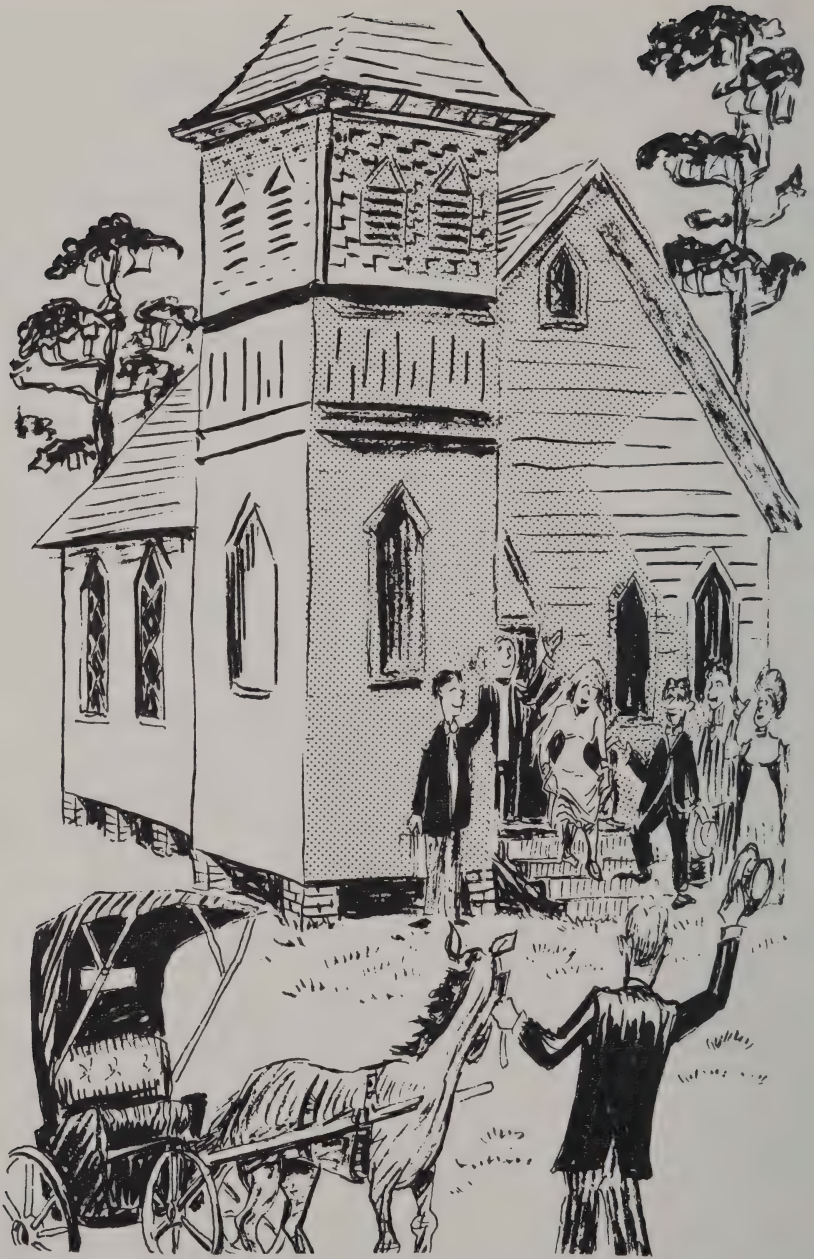
Frank and I were married July 27, 1906, in the First Baptist Church in Lemon City. I had been the first girl baptized in that church and now I was the first bride to be married there. I was nineteen.

Frank's friend, Harvey Fitzpatrick, was the best man and Lillie was the bride's-maid. My sister, Leonore, was flower girl, Frank's mother made my dress as well as Lillie's. The minister was the Reverend W. E. Stanton, whom we had known from the time we came to Lemon City.

After the wedding Frank and I got on the train and went to Palm Beach for our honeymoon. When we returned, we went into a little house which Frank had rented at N.W. 54th Street and 7th Avenue. We began our housekeeping there and the month we lived there was the only month in our lives that we lived in a rented house.

In those days you could not sneak home from a honeymoon — your friends kept a watch for your train. We were pounced on the moment we returned and were given a "proper" shiverree. They took the mattress out of the house and put it in the yard, and they beat on tin pans and blew horns. They had their fun but afterwards they served cold drinks and cookies. A shiverree could get pretty rough sometimes but it also helped you to feel truly married.

The October after we were married a hurricane destroyed the home of Frank's parents. At that time they were living in a five-room house on 59th Street not far from the bay. Mrs. Zumwalt, Lillie and Frank's younger brother, James, were safe in a barn behind the house, but Mr. Zumwalt was caught inside the house. He got down beside the



Frank and I were married in the Lemon City Baptist Church

icebox and a door fell across the icebox protecting him from falling debris so that his life was saved.

At the time of this hurricane, Frank and I were living in a large two-story house on N.E. 61st Street, the house of John Merritt for whom Frank once worked, and who invited us to make our home there while his family was away. Their own home gone Frank's parents, Lillie and James moved in with us until they could build another home. That two-story frame Merritt house was later moved to N.E. 2nd Avenue near 60th Street. It has had various commercial uses in the last fifty years and it is still there — a real Lemon City landmark.

At the time of our wedding, some of our good friends had moved from Lemon City to Homestead, taking up homesteads there and building log houses, for the extension of the railroad to Homestead in 1904 opened up new country. Harvey Fitzpatrick, who was in our wedding, was one of these. Another was my girlhood friend, Annie, who first married Mr. Roberts and, when he died, became Mrs. Stark. Annie said they could get plenty of deer, turkey and quail to eat. She once said she wished she could trade venison for some bacon.

Near Homestead the soil was so rocky that you had to bore a hole or else dynamite one in order to plant a tree. But the red soil there is rich and it does raise good trees. Annie had a lot of guava trees in her yard, and she said the cats wore their claws off trying to dig holes to bury the guavas which smelled like something dead.

Annie is still my good friend. She lives in Miami now and we try to meet for lunch once each month.

Most of our married life of sixty-four years was lived in Lemon City, though we did live other places for a year or so.

Frank worked in agriculture all his life. He was an expert in budding trees and he knew a lot about fertilizer and how to control plant diseases and pests. One of Frank's first jobs after we were married was on the property which was soon to become the Charles Deering Estate. At first this property was owned by a Mr. Bliss who lived in Miami and used to drive a horse named Black Joe out to the grove every day. The grove was already planted when Deering bought it. We continued to live in a house on the Deering property and Frank worked for Deering for several years.

Our first child, Frankie, was born while we lived on the Deering Estate. A Negro family, the Hezekiah Brooks family, lived and worked on the Deering Estate too. Mrs. Hattie Brooks was my nurse when Frankie was born.

By this time Mr. Deering had many pens of ducks and other water birds and these were kept on an island where Bay Point is today. The Thrift family worked for Deering, too. Mr. Thrift had charge of the ducks and the birds. The Thrifts had two boys, Johnny and Charlie. Mrs. Thrift used to stutter and when she got angry she would stutter even worse. One day I heard her yell to Charlie, who had been hiding out until she found him, "Ch- Ch - Charlie, go home! Or I - I - will

br- break your leg!" A short time after this he jumped off the train as it passed through the Deering Estate and he did break a leg.

Soon after we were married, we bought ten acres on the northeast corner of N.W. 7th Ave and 54th Street. We lived here before Frank went to work for Mr. Bliss. Frank at this time was working for the plant experimental station on Brickell Avenue. The only way he had to get to work was by bicycle. He used to have to walk and push his bike from 7th Avenue N.W. to 2nd Avenue N.E. because there was only a sand rut and it was impossible to ride. Once he got to 2nd Avenue he could ride on the rock road to Miami, across the Miami Avenue Bridge and to Brickell Avenue.

In a few years all the young men were getting motorcycles. Frank got one, too, and I used to ride behind him. One day we were riding along the rock road that went along 36th Street to Allapattah. The McGahey family lived in a grove at the corner of 17th Avenue. As we got opposite the McGahey house a white hen ran right out and into the spokes of the motorcycle. We got blood spattered all over us. We got off the motorcycle and took the chicken to the house and explained what happened. We gave Mr. McGahey a dollar.

In 1908 we bought our first car. It was the sixth car in Miami. It was a Ford that had to be cranked and it had kerosene lanterns. I drove it from the beginning but not many women drove cars because they were too hard to crank. There were only a few places that sold gasoline. When you bought gas you got out of the front seat and removed the seat cushion. The tank was under the front seat and the gasoline was brought to the car in a five-gallon can and put in through a large funnel. Sometimes the funnel was lined with chamois to filter the gasoline.

Once we owned a Stutz and another time a Maytag — cars you never hear about anymore.

In 1914 we bought ten acres on N.E. 54th Street. It ran from N.E. Second Avenue to the railroad. At one time Frank and Mr. Montgomery had a nursery on the part that we later sold to Mr. A. G. Elliott who subdivided it into Roselawn. Mrs. Elliott lives at 240 N.E. 55th Street. Another time we sold the five acres east of N.E. 3rd Avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Erickson and they subdivided that.

The first house we built was just west of the W. J. Zumwalt home on N.E. 54th Street. That is where our second child, Dorothy, was born. We sold that house to Mr. and Mrs. Sloan who moved it across Second Avenue where it still is. It was while we were living in that house that Frank Stearns and A. D. H. Fossey used to come to visit us and we all played Rook or Pit. It was in that house, also, that I took care of Mrs. John Butts when her first son was born.

Both before and after I married, I packed tomatoes during the packing season when I had a chance. At first I packed for the Peters family in Little River. That was before I was married. Lillie and I used to work side by side.

We made enough money for the two of us to take a trip to New

York. We went by train to Jacksonville and a Clyde Line steamer the rest of the way. In New York we stayed with my mother's brother, Uncle John Bender and his wife, Aunt Clara. We also went to Philadelphia to see the Liberty Bell.

After I was married I used to ride with Annie — Mrs. Hugh Peters, Sr. — all the way down to the big packing house at Peters, Florida. Everyone called Hugh "Pat" and Pat used to drive us down and back. Annie and I were paid five cents a crate for packing. Each crate contained six baskets and each tomato had to be wrapped in tissue paper. I was a fast worker and sometimes I could pack one hundred crates a day. That was \$5 — a lot of money in those days.

The tomatoes left the Peters' packing plant at the rate of several carloads a day. One day as the train was loading, Annie and I crawled under the train to get to the other side. Just then the train started up and we were scared to death. We never tried that again.

Our second child, Dorothy, was born in 1911. When she was two and Frankie was six, a sudden and great change came in our lives. We moved to Mexico.

Frank had already gotten a reputation as a "good citrus man." A Mr. Thomas of Miami Beach asked Frank to go to Mexico and supervise the planting of a hundred acres of grapefruit for him. This was the time of trouble in Mexico, of revolution, of Pancho Villa. We had to keep our suitcases packed all the time, in case the soldiers came. Once they camped on the veranda of the house where we were living. Once we went to Tampico for safety until the fighting quieted down.

The village in which we lived was halfway between Tampico and Victoria. We lived near a mountain stream.

Frank and I had horses to ride; his black, mine white. We had a burro for Frankie. And that burro gave birth to a palomino baby — white with blue eyes. We gave it to Dorothy who would curl up beside it and sleep as if it were a dog. We used to take the horses to a ledge over a deep part of the stream and push them in so they would take a bath. Soon they liked it and would jump in when we told them to.

The Mexican women used to wash their clothes in the stream. They would rub soap on the clothes, beat them with a wooden club and then rinse them, spreading them out on the rocks to dry. They and we got our drinking water from that same stream.

On Mr. Thomas' property was a field of Bermuda onions. One day when I was gathering some onions for a stew I lost my wedding ring. About two weeks later a Mexican boy came to our house and talked to me through the iron grating which protected every opening. He showed me the ring and said he wanted to sell it to me.

"That's my ring!" I said. "Where did you get it?"

He said someone gave it to him. I called Mr. Hanson, the foreman, and he told the boy that the ring was indeed mine and to give it back. The boy had it on his finger and could not get it off. We had to soap his finger. I felt very lucky to get my ring back.

The Mexicans living near us lived in palmetto shacks, several families in one shack. The women would soak their corn in lye all night and next morning you would hear then patting the tortillas. They used to make a big barbecue sometimes. They had large pits in the ground, made a fire in them of hard wood until there was a thick bed of coals, then place the meat over the coals wrapped in banana leaves which were supposed to tenderize the meat. The meat covered over with hot coals would cook all night. The next day it would be delicious.

When we first got to Mexico we had a Mexican cook. He would grind the coffee fresh every morning. I remember how good it used to smell. He really knew how to make black beans delicious. They were new to us but we soon liked them.

Mr. Hanson took us on a trip to the top of one of the mountains. We were all on horseback, except Frankie on his burro. We hoped to find a deer but failed in this. It was easier rinding up the mountain than coming back down. Some places coming down it was so steep the horses had to slide down on their behinds.

Dorothy was a very blond little girl, blue eyes and light curly hair. The Mexican women thought she was some kind of angel from heaven. They would look at her and say, "Muy bonita, muy bonita*" They would want to hold her but I would not let them because they had lice. Little Frankie must have heard us talk about the lice. One day a Mexican picked up Frank's hat and wanted to try it on and Frankie said, "Don't you do that!"

(As I think back I know sometimes children at Lemon City school had lice too. I remember once that Mama had to put kerosene on my hair.)

We lived in Mexico about a year and a half. When the grapefruit grove was planted and doing well we returned. The children and I came back first, and Frank remained a little longer. The children and I went to Tampico to get a steamer for Havana. While we waited for the steamer we had time for some sightseeing in Tampico. I remember how colorful and interesting the markets were.

Our ship stopped in Vera Cruz and there Frankie bought a red squirrel which we brought home with us. In those days there were no restrictions on bringing in live animals.

When we got to Havana and were ready to get off, our trunk had not been brought up. It is a good thing that I spoke up or our trunk would have gone on to Germany with the ship. As it was, I had to go down in the hold and locate the trunk.

From Havana we took another ship to Miami.

It was after we had returned from our Mexican adventure that our daughter Dorothy had a fling at being a movie star. A Mr. Fields had a movie studio on South Miami Avenue and was making movies in the Miami area. One day when Dorothy and I were in Royal Palm Park near the big hotel Mr. Fields saw Dorothy and said, "What a beautiful little girl! I would like to use her in a movie." At this time Dorothy was

four, blue eyes, golden curls.

We were all quite excited by this opportunity. At that time movies were silent and not in color, but people loved them. Everybody went to the movies at least once a week.

The name of the movie Mr. Fields was making was "The Living Orchid." Dorothy was supposed to be an orphan who lived in a beautiful home. The home was that of Thomas J. Pancoast on Miami Beach, a mansion on Pancoast Lake. When Dorothy was needed they sent a limosine for us. When the picture was shown we all went to see it. Mr. Fields wanted to take Dorothy to California, but Frank and I said "No." We couldn't give up our child! So this was Dorothy's only movie experience.

One of the movie houses we went to in Miami was the Hippodrome. Sometimes they had amateur shows, and on that night they gave door prizes. One night we won six nice oak diningroom chairs. We are still using them.

Our third child, Edith, was born in Moore Haven, up on Lake Okeechobee.

In 1916 we bought ten acres near Moore Haven, because Frank wanted to raise vegetables to help with the food shortages that were developing due to the war in Europe. And of course the next year our country, too, was drawn into the World War.

We went to the lake by boat — a large schooner from Miami to Ft. Lauderdale, then a smaller boat through the canal. We took tools, furniture and some goats. At the lake we had a small frame house with bunk beds built up in the loft for the children.

There was no way to get a car up there and no roads to drive on if you could, so we bought a horse and wagon. The horse was a mare named Nellie, and while we had her she gave birth to a colt. The morning after the colt was born Nellie whinnied at our window as though to say "Come see what I've got!" She was a proud mother. At the same time we had an orphan calf, so we taught the calf to nurse Nellie. The calf would be on one side of Nellie and the colt on the other. Now a calf is used to butting as she sucks to make the milk come down. Colts do not do this, so when the calf got to butting the colt would stand it just so long. Then he would go around to the other side of his mother and chase the calf away.

We had a cow at the lake — in fact we always had a cow. Sometimes I did the milking, sometimes Frank did. And when Frankie got old enough, he did the milking. I remember how we sometimes did the churning at Moore Haven. We would put the sour cream in a two-quart mason jar, allowing a good air space at the top. Then we would put the jar in the wagon when we were going someplace and the roads were so rough that the wagon would bounce and jerk so much that by the time we got home the butter would be churned.

Just as we always had a cow, so did we always have goats. We kept them for milk and sometimes we ate the young kids. Goat milk cured

Frank of asthma. It is a good food for babies and also good for people with ulcers.

We raised beautiful vegetables in Moore Haven but we could not get them to market because there was neither a railroad nor a road. Many of the vegetables rotted in the fields. We had plenty to eat but not much money. Frankie who was about ten at that time would go hunting with the neighbors. He had a hunting dog named Pancho. They could get 'coons and 'possums, rabbits and turtle, all of which we would eat. We also had a trot line in the lake.

A trot line is made by putting two poles out in the lake about a hundred feet apart and fastening several fish lines to a rope running between the two poles. We would set the lines in the evening and the next morning go out in our little boat and get the fish.

One time Frankie caught ten 'possums with just one setting of a box trap. At least there were ten 'possums in the trap by the time Frankie got to it, for he had captured a mother 'possum and she had given birth to nine babies in the trap. Frankie let them all get away.

Frankie used to hunt coots at a lake near Moore Haven called Coot Lake. He would bring home all we could eat. If you soak coots overnight in salt water and skin them instead of trying to pick them, they are all right.

While we were in Moore Haven there was an epidemic of typhoid fever. The first to get it was the baker, who was a Christian Scientist and would not go to a doctor. In the families where the bread was home-baked no one seemed to get typhoid. But there were many bachelors who ate bakery bread and about twenty of these men came down with the disease. There was one doctor in Moore Haven and no nurse except me. The doctor and I turned the large room upstairs over the print shop into a hospital. We partitioned off a small area for a kitchen and put cots in the rest of the space. For about a week I took care of this hospital. Then an orderly arrived from Miami, and I got a little relief; he took the night duty.

I remember one patient, a young fellow about sixteen. After the fever broke he got so hungry he went to the kitchen and got some chicken soup and vegetables and ate so much that he got sick. The next morning I had to give him an enema. He fought me over that. He said he had never heard of such a thing! No, he was not going to have such thing! You should have heard him fuss. But I gave it to him anyway and he got well.

Moore Haven, which was just starting to be a town, offered a cow to the person who could raise the best pasture. Frank planted alfalfa seed, got a fine pasture, and won the cow.

I never knew there were icebergs in Florida until I saw them with my own eyes. On January 27, 1917, we had a very, very cold spell. The lake was shallow near shore and with an off-shore wind blowing all night, the water became even shallower. Where the water was shallow it froze. Then the wind shifted and began to blow on-shore. The ice piled



Icebergs on Lake Okeechobee

up on itself until there were chunks a yard high for two blocks along the shore near our house. Later Frankie and Dorothy went out on the lake in our little boat and they got stuck out there because of the shallow water. We could see them and we knew they must be freezing. Some neighbors rescued them while I heated up the soup.

During this cold spell our mother hog died, and we had to bring the six baby pigs into the house to keep them warm.

Two accidents happened to Dorothy while we were in Moore Haven. One time we had a fire in the yard and after it had burned down and seemed out, Dorothy stepped in the coals and burned her foot so badly that she was laid up for about six weeks.

The other accident was more serious. One day Frankie and Dorothy were picking lima beans when a little moccasin bit Dorothy on the end of her ring finger, the fangs going clear through the finger. Frankie got his machete and killed the snake, and Frank hurried to put a tourniquet around her arm. There was no longer a doctor in Moore Haven. Dr. Martin had gone off to war.

So Frank and Dorothy began the long trip to Miami, not knowing if she would ever live to get there. But the thing that helped save her was the fact that the fangs went clear through her finger and, therefore, discharged less poison into her blood stream. Frank got Dorothy to Dr. DuPuis in Lemon City, and the doctor cut off the end of Dorothy's finger, leaving a little bit of nail. Eventually this bit of nail grew down over the end of her finger.

Edith was born January 13, 1918. As I have said, Dr. Martin was away. So the druggist and Frank delivered Edith. Frankie and Dorothy named her.

We came back to Lemon City in September 1918, home to stay. That is when we built our house where I still live on N.E. 54th Street. The house which has sheltered us so long, where babies have been born and people have died, and where we have had our share of pleasures and sorrows. After 1918 even though we might go away for a few weeks or even months, we always came back to this home. From 1918 it was our only home, our real home.

At the time Frank built this house for us there was no paved street here and beyond the sand road was the Deering property, nothing but pines and palmettoes. There was no fence or wall at the north end of the Deering property. The quail and pheasants that lived in the woods used to come and eat with our chickens.

We continued to have goats. The children loved to play with them. The young kids would follow our children up the steps of the back porch and jump off when they did. The children used to put a croker sack on the back of the billy goat and ride him around.

When a mother goat was getting ready to have babies the other goats would form a circle around her. We had a collie dog named Nellie and Nellie would join the circle. As soon as a kid was born, Nellie would help clean it up by licking it just as the mother goat did.

If we wanted to catch a certain chicken for the stew pot, we used to point the chicken out to Nellie and she would separate it from the flock and hold it until we could get there.

Dr. John Dupuis believed so strongly in an agricultural high school that he would not rest until he had turned the Lemon City High School into the Dade County Agricultural School. In addition to the school grounds there was a school farm west of Little River. One popular class was dairy-farming, which was taught by Mr. J. N. McArthur who later became a well-known dairyman. You could also take poultry production or vegetable growing. Some of Frankie's classmates in agriculture were Philip and Earnest B. Roller and James Pritchard.

Frankie had a cow project in 1922, under the direction of John L. Butts, professor of agriculture. Frankie wrote his own account of his project and Dr. Dupuis later printed this in his book, *History of Medicine, Public Schools and Agriculture*. This is Frankie's account:

"At that time I was a third-year student at this fine school, and decided on a milk cow as my project. After some search and study I selected a cow from the White Belt Dairy herd which would cost me \$200. With the help of my family, I arranged to borrow this amount from Mr. Z. T. Merritt, former superintendent of public schools. I am glad to say the loan was paid off in the first year.

Having obtained the cow, I was faced with the problem of providing a safe pasture and milk shed facilities. Fencing in an area 100 by 200 feet, partly shaded by fruit trees, I planted guinea grass, a lush rapidly-growing grass, which grew to four feet in height in clumps one to two feet in diameter at the base. It grew readily from seed and a year later would spring up in the area, although grubbed out repeatedly. I also built the milk shed myself, crushing rock and pouring concrete for the floor. In the meantime I rode my bicycle from house to house in the neighborhood soliciting customers for a milk route.

The cow proved to be a heavy milker, averaging sixteen quarts per day, and was fed the best of commercial foods at all times. Milk brought 25¢ per quart in those years. I kept notes on the expenses and income and submitted a report in journal form to Professor Butts, who later used them in his classroom. During the two years of this project, I was able to save enough for most of the expenses of my first year in college, as well as provide my own spending money and clothing. This was a successful project, and many other students undertook agricultural projects of particular interest to them and made good. I can highly recommend such projects as a useful and interesting outlet for spare time and energy, also they will show that one can be independent through his own efforts if put on the right track, and does not wander idly.

I can say that I was fortunate in that my mother saw to it that I persevered in my effort, and my father would take over while I took time off for a sailing expedition."

Another vocational class at the Dade County Agricultural High which may have been the only one of its kind in the United States was boat-

building. The class built some really fine boats. Frankie was not in that class because he was too involved in agriculture, but he built his own boats anyway. The first ones were sailboats and I helped make the sails. We got heavy canvas and I stitched them on my machine using the longest stitch and very heavy thread. Later he had an outboard motor which he used sometimes. He and his friends went on many an expedition sailing down the bay or to a favorite fishing spot.

As farming interests shifted more to the south end of the county, agriculture in Lemon City declined. In 1931 the name of the high school was changed from Dade County Agricultural High School to Miami Edison High School. Agriculture was still taught and there was still a school farm, but the heyday of the "Aggies" had passed.

I have already told how my first experience as a nurse was ministering to my brother Calvin in the hours before he died. After my marriage I became a nurse and went on cases on a fairly regular basis. Dr. DuPuis and I took baby-cases as a kind of team. He would deliver the baby and I would care for mother and baby for two weeks. In one year we had a baby-case in every month of the year — twelve cases.

Dr. DuPuis and I took care of the babies of all my sisters. He was so gentle and kind with them. We would take turns sitting up with them while we waited, the coffee pot on the stove. The babies were all born at home. We used a little anaesthetic, usually chloroform, right at the last. We never lost any of the babies. I have delivered many babies alone.

In those days the doctor was paid \$35 for a baby-case and the nurse got \$45 for staying two weeks. Dr. DuPuis had had a lot of patients but he didn't make his money as a doctor — he made it from the dairy and from real estate. When he died he was a millionaire.

I remember one baby-case the doctor and I were on — the birth of Betty Rodgers. Reverend Rodgers was the pastor of the Lemon City Baptist Church at that time and the Rodgers son, J. B., was about sixteen. I went on the case a little ahead of time because Rev. Rodgers had to go to Tampa for a convention and he wanted to feel I was right there with his wife. I remember that about the time the labor pains were starting that we sat down to breakfast and J. B. bowed his head and said the blessing. After mentioning the food he said, "And please bless us for what we are about to receive."

Later after my own family was pretty well grown, I took some nursing cases that lasted quite a long time. Two of them lasted several months each.

One time after the DuPuis family had moved to their large home on N.W. 62nd Street not far from the dairy, Mrs. DuPuis, or "Miss Kate" as everyone called her, was very sick. I stayed with her for six months.

The Indians would come around sometimes very late at night and want to see the doctor because at one time he had been the "government" doctor for the Indians. One day the doctor said to me, "Estelle, I wish you'd make those Indians stop coming here. They're disturbing Miss Kate." So I tried to explain to the Indians that the doctor's wife was

sick and that they would have to go to a hospital.

The other long case was when I took care of Mr. James Bright, one of the developers of Hialeah. The Brights had a lovely Spanish type home in a big yard with all kinds of fruit trees. A maid did the housework so all I had to do was look after Mr. Bright. The Brights were a wonderful couple, pleasant to be around. I stayed on the case until Mr. Bright died.

I had other vocations besides nursing. In 1920 I got a license as a real estate broker and was in the real estate business during the boom. The biggest fish that got away from me was the sale of the Charles Deering Estate. I had a hundred-thousand-dollar deposit on it, but so had another agent. The other agent beat me to the closing. The property went to the Phipps Estate. Deering moved to Cuttler. Frank used to go down and take care of the new Deering property.

I was so busy with real estate deals that I had to have a secretary. My second sister, Hazel, became my secretary. Sometimes we would sell a piece of property in the morning and re-sell it before night. Buyers put down what was known as a "binder" — usually five percent of the cost. The would-be buyer then had thirty days to come up with the rest of the money or lose out and the property would be sold again — again under a binder.

During those hectic boom days our third daughter and last child, Marjorie, was born — June 19, 1922, here in our home where so many other children have been born.

When the Routons were living over on the next street and Betty was little, they had a dog and they went up to Greynolds Park one time and the alligator got their dog. Betty stood there and screamed and Mr. Routon waded out into the water to try to get that dog, but they never saw it again. It was a beautiful red setter and they all felt so bad about that. Grace Miller, Mrs. Routon's sister, lived with the Routons. Marjorie would spend the evenings and week-ends with Grace while the Routon's vacationed. Grace began working for Manson's Clinic in Little River as a nurse in the '30's — she's still working there.

Mrs. Fannie Tullos was home demonstrator at the time we were making all those things for the fair. Her daughter, Sarah, married Kenneth Dunning. They were living in El Portal one time when Sarah got sick and I went up and took care of her. Another time I took care of Mrs. Tulloss when she was sick. And once I took care of Sarah's son, Jack. Sarah and my sister, Una, are very good friends. The Dunnings have property in North Carolina and Una goes there and visits them.

There used to be a ferry boat from Elser's Pier to the Beach near Smith's Casino and Mrs. Pinder used to have charge of the casino. We used to go swimming over there.

The P.T.A. used to have chicken perloo suppers and box suppers to raise money to buy things to help the school. During the Depression the P.T.A. furnished free lunches for children who could not afford it. And at that time three-course lunches were 10¢.

One time Marie Padgett Forbes and her husband were both sick at

the same time and I took care of them for two weeks. They had a great big cat, so I took care of the cat too.

The Biggers family lived on 62nd Street near N.W. 2nd Avenue and had a grocery store. Hope Biggers was one of the good friends of Frankie and the girls. Then there were the Courtrights and they had a daughter, Frankie, and Mrs. Courtright used to come over and help with the P.T.A. Then the Conrads had their rooming house in Little River.

Then there was a Charles Faudell who used to sell fertilizer to all the tomatoe farmers. He had four children — Maurice, Charlotte, Raymond, and Corinne. At first he just took orders and had it sent in from the factory. He had an office in his home on Waddell Street. At that time, Frank's father and mother and James and Lillie were living just across the street from the Faudells. Maurice was killed in an automobile accident and he and his wife had a little girl, Mary Ann, about a year and a half old. The wife, Iola, was about three months along pregnant. When the baby, Maurice, Jr., was born I took care of her. Mary Ann lives out in San Jose. She has two boys and a girl.

The Howards used to have a barbecue stand on 54th Street and N.E. 2nd Avenue. At that time that was our property. People used to come from miles around to their barbecue stand, it was so popular. Mr. Howard had a special sauce. During the depression the Howards moved out to Texas and asked me to take care of the barbecue stand until they came back. It was at that barbecue stand that Una met Webb, the man she married. He used to come in to eat some of his meals. One time he wanted to take Dorothy out. But Dorothy was just a young girl then, and Una just happened to be there. So I asked Una if she would go with Dorothy and Webb as chaperone. So then Una and Webb began going together. Una was nearer his age, so that was all right.

The Howards had a lease on that corner and during the Boom the Phipps wanted to buy that corner and offered me \$150,000.00. I had to buy back the lease from the Howards, and I had to pay a commission to a real estate agent. We spent some of the money buying a big fine home down on 25th Street near the Bay. The hurricane came along and ruined the house and the Depression came along and took all our money. So we lost the house — so we didn't get much out of that corner. Hazel and I had bought another house, this one at N.W. 11th Avenue and 54th Street. When the banks closed we lost that house too.

During the Boom the Phipps and others bought T. V. Moore's big pineapple plantation in Miami Shores — then T. V. Moore bought the furniture store out of that money. That was really the beginning of the Boom. Then El Portal began to boom. The company that put on El Portal offered a lot to anyone who would landscape the best lot, so Frank and I did and we won the lot. It was on 90th St. just the other side of N.E. 3rd Avenue.

A colored man named Bowles owned five acres on the northeast corner of 54th Street and Miami Avenue. Dr. DuPuis bought that through me for \$100,000. About five in the afternoon I rode down in Bowles' car

to the home of the lawyer to sign the papers. The lawyer had been drinking so much that it took us until midnight to get those papers signed. Then I called a taxi and went home. The deal went through and I got my commission.

I remember well the day the Miami Industrial Bank closed. I had just made a deposit ten minutes before and I saw the president, Mr. Lummus, standing there. He knew me. I don't know why he let me make that deposit. It tied up all our money and I was just getting ready to send a check to Frankie at the University of Florida. So Frankie just had to get along as best he could. My brother, Arthur, lost a lot of money in the Bank of Bay Biscayne. After a time, we did get some of our money back — about twenty percent.

Many people were out of work during the Depression. Some were really desperate. Circuit Judge F. Christie drove a truck for \$12.50 a week. Harry Willis dug ditches for 35¢ an hour. People lost their homes. They sold their heirlooms, old coins and jewelry, and even furniture to get money for food.

By today's standards food was cheap. Hamburgers at the Royal Castle in Little River were 5¢. Vending machines sold cigarettes at one cent each, vending each cigarette separately. Coffee was 29¢ a pound. You could stay at the Plaza Hotel for five days for \$15.

The county operated the famous "hobo express." Hoboes who came to Miami were escorted by the police to the county line and handed over to the police of Broward County who would pass them along to Palm Beach County and so North until they were out of Florida.

The Depression did not cause us to really suffer. We raised a lot of our own food and we canned a lot — but we had always done that. We had chickens, goats, a cow, our fruit trees and our garden.

The real estate business was shot. I went to work for the District Welfare Board. I was one of the visitors sent out to the homes to help the desperately poor. The Welfare Board bought up vegetables and fruit to give the poor. There were long soup lines.

I remember we thought it was a great treat to eat in a downtown restaurant called the Dinner Bell. There you could get a complete meal for 30¢ — fish or meat, two vegetables, bread, cake or pie and coffee.

Much effort was made to make jobs for people and also to train them for better skills. The Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables was used in the summer for a training school for hotel managers, housekeepers and maids. I took a three-month maid-and-housekeeper course, but never did work in this field.

Once for a short time I was a school teacher. While Mr. A. C. Alleshouse was principal of Lemon City School, I taught the third grade. Fred McCall, James Hudson and my own son, Frankie, were in my class.

During the 1926 hurricane we stayed in our home and came through all right. This house was built of Dade County pine and we have never had a dollar's worth of storm damage. Our garage, though, was damaged. It blew clear across 54th Street. During the lull we went out on the

back porch to see the damage, and then the wind started with a blow that picked Marjorie right up and would have carried her away had I not grabbed her dress.

Following the hurricane everyone was without electricity for days. Those who depended on electric pumps were also without water. We have a deep well with good water, so many came to us with buckets and bottles and used our hand pump.

There were many killed and many more injured in that terrible hurricane. When it was over they needed nurses at Jackson Memorial Hospital so I nursed in the children's ward. I remember particularly one little Indian boy.

There were two hurricanes in 1926 — the bad one in September and a lesser one in October. By then there wasn't much left to damage. That second hurricane ended the Boom. It stopped overnight.

I remember another storm — the tornado that struck in April, 1925. On that day we had gone on a picnic to Cape Florida. My brother Arthur and his son Art had a machine shop on the Miami River, but they were also in the sand business. They had tow barges with which they hauled sand from off Cape Florida to supply Miami builders. Sometimes we would all ride the barge down to the Cape, fish, swim and have a picnic. We were coming home from such an outing the day the tornado struck the White Belt Dairy west of Lemon City. We could see the black funnel cloud come down and go up three times. Later we drove out to see the damage. Some of the buildings of the dairy community were completely destroyed, several people were killed, as were some of the cows.

We used to love to go to Cape Florida and climb the tower round and round to the top. Some of our initials are on those old bricks right now.

One Sunday our whole family went to Cape Florida in one of Arthur's boats. After lunch we decided to go to Fowrey Light. When we were almost there our gas gave out. It was very rough and our water tank went overboard, leaving us with no drinking water and just one box of cookies. My father fed the engine kerosene drop by drop and we managed to get back into the bay. There we waited the rest of that day, all night and until four o'clock on Monday when a fisherman came to our rescue. He took Arthur in to Miami to get gas and brought him back. Arthur brought water, cheese and crackers — the best food we ever ate. He concluded that someone had stolen gas from the boat the night before we had started out.

Coming into the River in the dark we got stuck near the mouth, and Raymond swam ashore and rode his bicycle to Lemon City at 3 A.M. to tell the relatives of the friends who were with us that we were all okay. Una and Johnnie's Sunday School teacher had told our friends not to go on this outing, but to stay with her and go to Sunday School. All day Monday as we suffered in that boat without food or water, they kept saying they would never go out in a boat again on Sunday,

Sometimes when we went to the beach opposite Lemon City, that is, by way of Crocodile Hole, we used to take blankets and roll up and

sleep on the sand. We would gather seagrapes in the fall to make jelly. After the bridges and causeways were built we went to the beach by car.

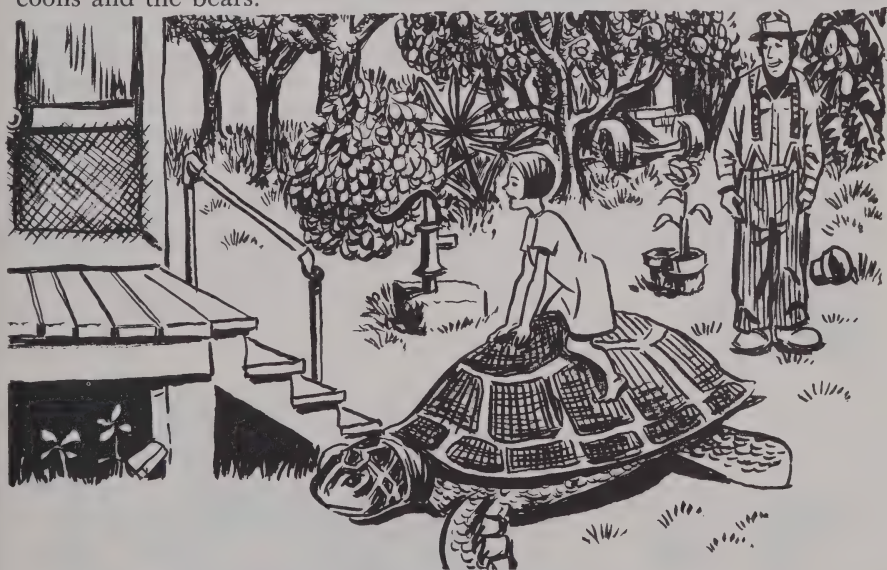
The most fun of all was going turtling. I remember that one time George Freeman went with us and we camped between Baker's Haulover and Sunny Isles. We had a big bonfire of drift wood and we sat around waiting for turtles to come up out of the water and lay their eggs.

The mother turtle would come out of the water and commence to dig a hole with her flippers. When it was two or three feet deep she would begin to lay her eggs. She would lay some, then stop and flip sand over them, lay some more, flip more sand. When the nest was filled she would take her flippers and pack down the sand on top. Then she went back into the ocean.

If you wanted to take the turtle, you turned her over on her back before she could get back to the water. That particular night we turned over five turtles. But we only brought one home. We released the others.

Three weeks after the turtle lays her first set of eggs she comes back and repeats the process. At that time, the first set was hatching. The little ones would head for the water as soon as they were hatched.

We always helped ourselves to some of the fresh eggs. So did the coons and the bears.



Marjorie used to ride on the turtle's back in our yard

One time we brought home in the back of our car a 300-pound turtle and turned her loose in the yard. The children had fun riding on her back. Later we butchered her.

You can cook turtle in a variety of ways — roast it, fry it, grind it up and make turtleburgers, or use it in soup. There will be some imma-

ture eggs in a turtle, perhaps as many as 150. They will be only the yolks. The full-grown eggs, white and looking much like a pingpong ball, will already have been laid.

Like a pingpong ball you can throw a mature turtle egg on the floor and it will not break. In fact, there is an art to opening a turtle egg. It is best to pinch them open with pliers. Turtle eggs can substitute for chicken eggs except that the white will never get hard.

To butcher a turtle you put a block of wood or a small log out in front of her head and when she stretches out her necks over the block you chop the head off with an ax. Then you turn the turtle over and with a sharp knife and hatchet cut the bottom shell of. Now all the insides lie in the top of the shell. You eat none of this except for the immature eggs which look like yellow marbles and the liver which is about half the size of a calf's liver. Some people cook the heart. The insides are thrown away. We always dug a pit and buried them. The usable meat comes from the flippers and the neck.

One of Frankie's classmates in his agricultural classes at the Dade County Agricultural High School was James Pritchard. In the early days the Pritchard family ran a small dairy west of Lemon City. Then when Carl Fisher began developing Miami Beach and wanted a dairy on the Beach, the Pritchards moved their dairy.

About this time Carl Fisher bought some elephants to help clear the land and also for publicity. The first elephant was named Carl and he had belonged to a circus. Mr. Fisher sent to India for a Hindu boy to handle Carl. One day the boy fell and when the elephant began to charge



him the boy ran to the Pritchard home for safety. Mrs. Pritchard opened the door for the boy and slammed it against the trunk of the elephant.

Another time this elephant chased one of the Pritchard boys who scrambled up the water tower. The elephant pushed the tower so hard that it almost collapsed. After that Carl got sent back to the circus.

Then Mr. Fisher got Rosie. Rosie had a colored man as trainer. She learned to be very useful. She would pull up bushes or move logs. Mr. Fisher got a cart with big wheels which Rosie could pull around, sometimes filled with children who loved the excitement of this. Rosie was more photographed than the famous Beach bathing beauties.

Sometimes now when I see some of the styles — miniskirts, pants suits, long hair on boys — I think back to some of the styles in the early "Twenties. We women used to wear "rats" in our hair — a kind of padding. Sometimes these "rats" were placed over the ears and gave a woman the look of having enormous floppy ears. During World War I this style was called "cootie garages." Women wore hobbled skirts so that they could scarcely step onto a bus or street car. When you walked in a hobbled skirt, you had to take short steps and put each foot exactly in front of the other. During the Boom days men wore knickers that bloused or sagged at their knees and long woolen socks. Men wore their hair short, parted in the middle and often plastered down with vaseline.

I guess we all have plenty of reason to laugh at ourselves.

PART III

WORK AND TRAVEL

I have already said that Zumwalt meant "people of the trees." "Of the trees" was a fitting name for my gentle Frank who spent his whole life coaxing plants and trees to grow and produce. Few understood citrus culture better than he. He knew how to bud, how to fertilize and how to spray. It was because of this knowledge that he was employed on the Deering Estate, was sent to Mexico to plant a grapefruit grove, and later worked for the Warwicks at their South Dade estate.

At one time the citrus trees of Dade County developed a disease called "citrus canker." Frank, Harvey Fitzpatrick and Paul Rader worked together to eradicate this disease. They wore heavy fire-resistant suits and set fire to diseased trees, for that was the only way to prevent the spread of the disease.

But for more of his life Frank worked for the Miami Park Department in Bayfront Park. There his beds of roses were much admired and photographed by visitors. So was the sunken garden where he tended the flowers and shrubs.

Frank started to work at the Park in 1931 and continued until 1969 except for a few months on a couple of occasions. At age seventy he retired, for seventy was the mandatory retirement age for the City. When in three months the City had not found anyone to replace him he was invited to come back to the Park to his old job. So he continued to work until he was 85, driving himself to work in his own car.

He knew many of the librarians for he used to take them bouquets of roses. When he finally retired at 85, two of the librarians, Mrs. Eason and Mrs. Warren, gave him a little party. The City gave him a certificate of appreciation signed by Stephen P. Clark who was mayor of Miami at that time.

Frank's knowledge of plants made our home place productive. When he planted any kind of tree or bush he would dig a deep hole and at the bottom of that he would put goat manure and mix with the sand. Then we would tear up newspapers in strips about an inch wide, soak these strip in water and place them in the hole and mix with the manure and sand. On top of that went sand. He would spread the roots of the trees carefully and put a little sand to hold each root. Then he would fill the hole, tamp down the soil, and water well. He would then water the tree every day for a week.

When citrus or mango trees were blooming, Frank would put a bucket of 6 - 6 - 6 fertilizer around each tree starting about two feet out from the trunk and spreading it over the ground as far out as there were branches. All citrus trees got in addition five pounds of Epsom Salts

per year. This made our citrus fruit sweet and juicy. Another trick Frank had was to add Tide to all his sprays.

We have three cannonball avocados. The fruit is as large as a small watermelon and perfectly round with good thick meat. The budwood for these trees came from our friend in Homestead, Harvey Fitzpatrick. We have another avocado, one that Frank developed, so we call it the Zumwalt Special. It produces late, around Christmas.

I like to work in the garden, too, and always have. Now that Frank is gone, I do all the work except for the work done by Mr. Dooley who lives in a cottage on the back of the property. I go out about 7 o'clock every morning and work until about 9:30.

On this place we raise much of our food. There is something to eat from our garden every day of the year. We have an unusual root vegetable called a tropical yam. Sometimes the tubers weigh fifteen pounds. This yam can be cooked any way an Irish potato can — boiled, baked or mashed. It is white on the inside like an Irish potato. We use the smaller tubers to replant.

We almost always have papayas. The fruit is delicious and the leaves are also valuable. If you bruise the leaves and wrap them around meat the peptin in the leaves will tenderize the meat. Also papaya seeds make a good laxative. They should be swallowed whole because they are hot like pepper if you chew them.

The kind of eggplants we raise were developed by Dr. DuPuis. They will carry over and bear from year to year. The plants we have now are three years old. We also grow cassava, the plant from which tapioca is made. We either boil the root and eat it like a potato or grate the root and make a pudding from it.

Chaote is a kind of climbing squash which we cook like summer squash. The peas we raise are a kind of crowder pea — something like black-eyed peas. We got the seed fifteen years ago from my father and each year we let some of the peas mature and save them to plant the next year. The spinach we grow is year-round and doesn't mind shade. It is a South American spinach which Dr. DuPuis developed and which he found made a good food for his chickens. We also raise mustard greens and collards.

Our tomatoes are planted around a wire frame and we tie them in a few places as they grow to the top of the wire. We have green peppers and the small red peppers the mockingbirds love and which we use to season soups and stews. Our onions are the multiplying kind — they multiply under the ground and the blossom also turns into tiny onions which can be planted. The start for these onions I got in Colorado fifteen years ago. We always have a few sweetpotato vines.

Our bananas grow so tall we have to get a step ladder to cut the ripening bunch or else get a strong man to pull the plant over. A banana tree never bears but once anyway and the new suckers are coming on as the old tree dies. One of our fruits is the velvet apple imported from India. It is like a small flattish apple in size and needs to be fully ripe

to be good. This is the rarest tree we have.

We have a seedling mango which we call Golden Delicious. The seed was from a Sandersha mango which is mostly for cooking but our seedling turned out to be a good eating mango, sweet and juicy.

We always have a few pineapples. We get our start from the pineapples in the store. I put on a heavy glove and twist the top of the pineapple loose from the fruit, strip away the little leaves for about an inch at the bottom and plant that part in the ground. It takes about two years for this plant to produce fruit.

Other fruits on our place include rose apples, sugar apples, Surinam cherries, sweet oranges, tangelos, grapefruit, key limes, Persian limes, sapodillas and Florida peaches. Dr. DuPuis gave us our first peach tree and we have raised others from it. We also have coconuts. Frank used to open the coconuts with an ax on a solid place and I would hold a pan under it to catch the juice. Sometimes we would open the nut at the jelly stage and combine the jelly with the milk for a delicious icecream.

I would like to mention some of our favorite family dishes. One is grouper chowder. You boil the grouper first, remove skin and bones and then add potatoes, onions, bacon — whatever you want to add to chowder. Crawfish chowder is made the same way. We sometimes use crawfish or boiled grouper chunks in a salad.

A favorite dessert is green mango pie, with cinnamon and nutmeg dusted over the sliced green mangoes before the top crust is added. Another favorite is lemon float. You take one quart of water and add two cups of sugar and a half cup of lemon juice and the grated rind of one lemon. Then add four beaten egg yolks. Bring to a boil as you stir. Then take a regular tall can of milk, mix it with three tablespoons of cornstarch, and stir into the first mixture. When thickened remove from the fire and fold in the whites of the eggs which have been beaten. Cool before serving.

We have always had our own bees but in recent years the bees have made their hive in an old hot-water heater tank that is lying flat on the ground, so there is no way we can get to the honey. But the bees multiply and when the colony gets too crowded, a bunch of them will move out with a new queen. Sometimes the new swarm settles on a fruit tree. One time a swarm stayed in our sugar apple tree for four months and we were able to capture about two gallons of the honey. Usually a friend and neighbor, an experienced bee-keeper, Mr. Clark, comes and smokes the bees until they are drugged and can be transfered to a new hive and moved to Mr. Clark's garden. We keep Mr. Clark supplied with bees and he keeps us supplied with honey.

While Frank was working for Charles Deering he was sometimes asked to drive a truck and take Dr. Popenoe on field trips to gather specimens of plants for the experimental stations. Mr. Deering supplied the truck and Frank did the driving. Frank and Dr. Popenoe traveled over the southern portion of the United States.

One time after a hurricane had filled the glades with water, a family of 'possums took up a home under our tool shed. The senior 'possums had two families: three half-grown and six babies. They began eating too much of our fruit. Then Frank rigged up a trap, a box which would fall when they touched the bait, and we caught them one by one. We gave some to the Crandon Park Zoo but one we fattened for several weeks and then Frank killed it. I soaked it in salt water overnight and the next day parboiled it. Then I baked it in the oven with sweet potatoes. It tasted exactly like fresh pork.

Frank had a talent for predicting the weather. He could look at the sun and the moon and the clouds, feel the breeze, and come up with as good a prediction as the people at the weather station downtown. Frank was handy about everything — what you call a jack-of-all-trades. He could repair about anything.

Now the gift I have is a built-in alarm clock. All I have to do before I go to sleep is to repeat to myself three times the time I want to wake up. I never used an alarm clock. By using my "gift" I could get up and go on my nursing cases and never disturb the family. One of Hannah Jo's sons, Donny, has the same gift.

In 1911 we took a trip to Jacksonville in our Maytag car. There was Leonore, Hazel, a friend named Lucille Peck, Frank and I and our two children, Frankie and Dorothy, who were both very young. There were no filling stations as we know them today and few stores. We took food and also a shovel and an ax because at that time there were no paved roads, just wagon trails through the woods. All along the route someone had painted the trees with whitewash and we followed those marks.

The first night we spent somewhere around Vero, the next night at Hastings. At Hastings we all slept on the wooden platform at the railroad station. We didn't have any blankets but we were warm enough in our coats. The third night we spent at St. Augustine. It was quite late at night when we pulled off the road there and the next morning we found we were right at the cemetery. Nearby was an artesian well. But the water was sulphur and we wouldn't drink it so we went on to Jacksonville as quickly as we could.

When our wheels would stick in the muddy ruts we would all have to get out, cut palmettoes and brush to put on the road for traction and everybody push. Around Titusville we had some oyster shell roads and could whiz along. Frank did most of the driving but I drove part of the time. In those days there was not such a thing as a driver's license.

We visited friends in Jacksonville and also my two aunts. Then we went to my grandfather's who lived near Palatka on the St. Johns River. It is a trip I will never forget.

During the Second World War, Frank and I moved to Dade City, bought ten acres of land on a small lake and began to raise poultry. By then our children were all married and we seemed to need a change of scenery and occupation. We were in Dade City about two years, 1943 to 1945. After chicken feed was rationed, Frank decided to sell

out and come back to our home here. Of course, Frank went right back to work in Bayfront Park.

In Dade City we raised a fine garden. Besides our chickens we had a Chihuahua dog named Chiquita, a big black horse named Queenie, and some goats. Frank would use Queenie to plow, Chiquita would be right behind, and trailing Chiquita were the goats.

We raised a lot of corn for the chickens and also for us to eat. One day a basket of dried corn still in its husks was sitting in the yard and a squirrel came down and tried to carry one of those ears back up the tree. It was too heavy for him so he turned around and went up the tree backwards dragging the ear after him. Then he sat on a limb and ate his prize.

One time when Mildred, Irene, Terry, Catherine and Bobbie Jean were all visiting us they would all get on Queenie's back at the same time and slide off Queenie's rump hanging on to her tail.

One time when Bobbie Jean went off alone for a ride on Queenie they just did make it back. Queenie was sick. She just laid right down in the yard and Bobbie Jean thought she was dying. About that time Frank and I returned home and heard Queenie's groans and Frank knew we had to tend to her right quick. Frank fixed a quart of Epsom Salts, put it into a bottle, and forced it down Queenie's throat. The gas commenced to come up and she was soon able to stand. Then Frank walked her about for an hour and she was all right.

During the war Marjorie and Ed were living in San Diego and that is where their David was born. On their way back to Miami they stopped in Dade City to visit us. David was two then and Frank made a little hole especially for him in our green tarpaper-covered outdoor privy. David liked this so well he almost ran his mother ragged taking him out to the green house!

After my father gave up the store, he was a carpenter and violin maker. He built some houses to rent, one on N.E. 61st Street and two on the court between 61st Street and 62nd Street. Dad built his own home on the court near the two houses and he and mother lived there the rest of their lives.

They celebrated their golden wedding on July 15, 1934. At that time Johnnie and Clifford had a beautiful home on Miami Beach, and that is where we had the celebration. There were about twenty-five members of the family present and many friends. The newspapers came and took pictures.

Every Thanksgiving and Christmas all of us children and grand children would gather at Papa's house for big family dinners. We would all bring covered dishes so there would not be too much work for Mama. On Sunday afternoons some or all of us would drop by for a visit. Mother died February 18, 1944, at age 79. Dad lived to be 94 and died December 13, 1951. Both are buried in the DesRochers plot in the City Cemetery.

After Dad retired from fulltime carpentry work he still made violins

and repaired all kinds of musical instruments. He made a violin for each of us six girls, and other violins, too — a total of seventeen. The wood he used came from a rosewood piano which had belonged to the Zumwalt family and been damaged in a hurricane.

Dad taught himself to play the violin. All of us played some but my sister Pearl was our best violinist. Pearl's daughter, Sara Beth, is also a good violinist.

In 1923 my father bought some property on top of a mountain in North Carolina, in Murphy. There was an old apple orchard on the property. I remember the first time I went up there I picked apples and carried them in my dress because I had no other way to carry them. On the way down I stumbled and fell and all the apples rolled away.

Dad gave each of us a lot on the mountain. He himself bought a ready-to-assemble house known as an Alladin House. Frank and I built a small house of rock with a rock fireplace. Water had to be brought from a spring in the valley, so Dad rigged up a "water boy" — a wire from house to spring. The bucket slid down the wire, controlled by a rope. When the bucket had filled it was drawn back up the mountain by means of a windlass.

When we first got to Murphy and while we were building our houses, we stayed in the Well's Boarding House in town. That was a wonderful boarding house — all the good vegetables, fruits, fried chicken and other good things in abundance.

Our children helped Frank and me build our house. It was two rooms. Frank built in a Murphy bed so it would be out of the way in the daytime. The children slept on cots. We cooked on a big wood stove. I had iron pots and an iron frying pan. When the neighbors butchered a calf they would bring us the whole liver which we all liked. Of course, we didn't have any electricity away up on that mountain. We used kerosene lamps and lanterns.

I remember how I used to fill my big iron pot with ears of Country Gentleman corn and we would eat it all in the course of a meal. In the same way we could get away with a whole pot of Kentucky Wonder beans.

Eventually we all got rid of the Murphy property.

One summer a group of us went to a hunting lodge on top of Mt. Hopper's Ball in North Carolina. The lodge belonged to the friend of a friend of ours in Miami, a Mr. Witt. Our party consisted of Mr. Witt, Dad, Frank, Frankie, Una, James, Pearl and Verna. We drove to North Carolina in two cars, one of them Dad's Maxwell which Frankie drove.

No car could get all the way to the lodge. We had to walk the last several miles. At one point we had to cross a mountain stream and Pearl slipped midway across on stepping stones and sat right down in the cold water. Of course she got soaking wet.

Then Una got so tired she sat down on a log and said, "I can't go another inch!" When I told her it would soon be dark she replied, "Well, the bears can just come and get me. I can't take another step!" We

waited a little for her to rest and when she got up we saw a big rattlesnake on the other side of the log where she had been sitting. After that we watched where we stepped.

When we were all beginning to feel we could never make it to the lodge, a man came along with some horses and some of us got a chance to ride.

It was dark when we got to the huge old lodge. We found a pile of blankets and put them around us to keep warm. I remember that Dad wore his blanket held with a two-inch safety pin. There were beds enough for everyone but one bed everybody sniffed at and passed by — a skunk had recently been killed in that room.

The next morning we had a hard time cooking breakfast because the wood was so green. It was almost noon by the time we got everyone filled up on pancakes.

We stayed at the lodge about a week. Every morning Frankie and James and the real estate man would go out hunting. The third morning Frankie shot an elk, but they had a hard time getting the carcass because it fell over the edge of a precipice. But they did manage to climb down and get it. We had elk every day from then on, in everyway that anyone could think to cook it. It was good like venison. Frankie was proud of his elk and had the hide made into a rug.

While we were there we picked gallons of huckleberries for pies and dumplings. People in the valley would climb up to the lodge carrying baskets loaded with fruits and vegetables and even live chickens. We certainly had all the good fresh food to eat that we could want.

I have had many wonderful trips. Sometimes I went with others — Frank, or Leonore, or friends. But sometimes I went alone. I am not afraid to travel alone. I ask for Divine protection before I go any place, and I always have it.

In 1939 there were two world fairs — in New York and in San Francisco. I took a train tour and visited both fairs. While I was at the New York Fair, Queen Mother Elizabeth and her son, Prince George, were riding around in an open top automobile and I waved at them and they waved at me. The Queen Mother had on a beautiful blue dress and broad-brimmed blue hat.

From San Francisco I went to visit Edith and Henry at their home in San Pedro. They took me to Hollywood and we visited the studio where they were filming "Gone with the Wind." I saw some of the sets they were using in that picture. Edith and Henry also took me to the premier showing of "The Wizard of Oz." I thought Judy Garland was lovely.

Edith and her family live now in Garden Grove, California. In 1970 Leonore went with me to visit them, but in 1971 I made the trip alone. I usually fly.

But in earlier days I often travelled by bus. I went by bus to visit Johnnie and her husband when they were living in Seattle, after a visit with Edith in Southern California. I liked going along the California

Coast by bus, the Pacific and the mountains were so beautiful.

In Seattle, Johnnie and her husband, Clifford, took me to see a floating bridge. They also took me up on Mt. Ranier which was covered with snow up to the windows of the lodge. While we were up there a group of Japanese students and their teacher came up to ski. Coming down we stopped to see a big glacier. They also showed me a tree big enough to furnish lumber for five five-room houses.

During the war years, 1943-45, my sister, Johnnie, and her husband, lived in Detroit. Clifford Carney was an inventor: he developed a plastic paint and the government was buying it for airplanes and equipment. Clifford asked my Frankie and his wife Lois to come to Detroit because they needed a chemist in the Plass Steel Corporation, the company Clifford worked for. So I went up and visited both families. While I was there we visited Niagara Falls — both the American and the Canadian side. It was such a beautiful sight. You wonder how nature can be so powerful.

Another trip I went west by way of Salt Lake City and stopped there to sight-see. I saw the Mormon Temple and heard the wonderful organ recital at noon. I also went to the museum and saw the Temple that was built without nails, only wooden pegs.

On that trip I also stopped overnight at Reno and went to some of the casinos. I didn't gamble, but I watched. I saw a museum there too.

Then on to San Francisco where I rode the cable car down to Fisherman's Wharf and had a good fish dinner. I also went to Chinatown, which I thought was interesting and the Chinese people very courteous.

On the return trip I stopped at the Old Faithful Inn in Yellowstone. I watched the regular spouting of Old Faithful and also visited the mud pots and other odd formations. I also saw the falls. The next day I got on the bus and went to Jackson Hole where the Grand Teton Mountains are. These mountains are beautiful and always covered with snow.

In 1952, Frank bought twenty acres on Lake Joe near the border of the Ocala National Forest. He wanted it for a vacation spot for us, our children and our grandchildren. Our daughter, Marjorie and her husband, Edward, Frank and I towed a trailer up there and then built a one-room house next to it. Frank dearly loved to go up there with Marjorie's sons, David and Jack. The water in the lake was clear and the fish plentiful. So were the rabbits which the boys liked to hunt. Frank would make a Mulligan Stew — everything he had cooked in one pot together — potatoes, onions, carrots, beans, meat, rice or anything else on hand.

One time when David and Jack were walking along the part of the lake that is in the National Forest, they saw seventeen deer. When we would go up there for vacations, we would take the glass bottom boat at Silver Springs. You can see many fish from that boat. One time some Tarzan movies were taken near Silver Springs and the monkeys used in the movie got loose and they still live in the trees near Silver Springs.

When Frank couldn't go up to Lake Joe any more he divided the

twenty acres evenly among our four children. Frankie, Edith and Dorothy didn't want theirs and Marjorie wanted it all, so that is the way it was done. Marjorie paid her two sisters and brother some cash and now Marjorie and Ed and their sons continue to enjoy this vacation spot.

Frank had his vacation spot at Lake Joe, and I have mine in Colorado not far from Denver. How this came about is a long story.

Back in 1941 I went with some of my friends to hear a lecture at the Masonic Temple in Miami. The lecturer was a non-denominational minister by the name of Dr. Doreal. Dr. Doreal's headquarters were in Denver and some of us liked him so much that the next summer twelve of us went from Miami out to Denver to hear him. Then in 1943 he formed a church organization called the Brotherhood of the White Temple in a town called Sedalia between Denver and Colorado Springs. There a church was built, dormitories for students and lots were sold to individuals who wanted to be a part of this community. I bought a lot and went out there for the summer. At first everyone had to live in tents or trailers. The men would do the building and the women would do the cooking. I lived in a tent and helped cook and serve meals.

I have a two-story house there, all furnished, electricity and running water. I moved in before it was finished on the inside. At first we sort of camped in the house and I invited others to camp there too while they were building their houses. One summer Clara Mulloy, Clara Greenstreet, Aunt Josie and I were there at the same time. The four of us put up a Celotex ceiling for that house. The two Claras would use poles and hold the Celotex in place, and I would nail it. That is how we got the house sealed. It is very comfortable.

Some friends of mine in Boca Raton, the Von Holts, bought a lot there next to mine. They had it bulldozed which you had to do to get a place flat enough for a house. But they never built their house because Mr. Von Holt got sick. So they gave me their lot. I planted it with fruit trees — peaches, apples, pears and cherries. Also my neighbor, Ruth, puts in a vegetable garden on my lot. If I am there I get some of the vegetables. Ruth looks out for my house for me.

I also have another friend there who looks out for our property — Marjorie Anderson. When Leonore and I went out a couple of years ago, Marjorie met us at the airport and took us to my house. Dr. Doreal is dead now, but the community continues. Some of his associates have taken over.

Leonore and I enjoyed this last trip to Sedalia. We went on from Colorado to California by bus. We saw the Grand Canyon. Then we visited my daughter Edith and her family and they took us to Disney Land and to Knott's Berry Farm. Also to the Huntington Library and Museum. The wealthy Huntington family donated their beautiful estate and all their treasures to this museum. They also endowed it so there would always be money to care for it. I flew home from Los Angeles, but Leonore went on to San Francisco to visit Iva and her children and flew back from there.

When I was building that house in Sedalia I had a chance to buy some nearly new lumber from some army barracks that were being torn down. The barracks sold for \$100 a piece and I went in with some of the others to buy a barracks building. We hired men to dismantle the building and to truck the lumber to our building sites. We could use almost everything except the shingles and we used those for firewood. Though most of my house is built of cement block, this lumber was used in many ways, especially in the interior. Also we had to build a bridge across a creek so I could get onto my property. On both sides of the driveway I have planted hollihocks, iris, phlox and golden glow. There are many wild flowers all up and down the valley — also wild strawberries and wild raspberries and choke cherries. We make jelly and drinks from the choke cherries.

Sedalia is higher than Denver and very cool in summer. I was there once in September when it snowed. I do not have fireplace, but I have coal and kerosene stoves so we keep warm.

Actually Sedalia is our nearby town, fifteen miles away. Our little village is called Shamballa. There are no stores in Shamballa but there are some stores at Castle Rock, which is twelve miles away. In our village one never hears a train or a siren. There are not even any hotels. There are three dormitories: one for families, one for men, one for women. The church, which is in the center of this community, has an old-fashioned look. It is painted white and called the White Temple. The Temple publishes several magazines. One is called *Inspiration and Wisdom* and one is *The Truth Sheet*, and *Light on the Path*.

I think Shamballa got its name from the book, *Lost Horizon*. It is like Shangrila.

Frank did not go with me to Colorado because he thought the altitude was too high for him. But in 1948 Frank and I took a trip together by bus to California. On the way we stopped at Carlsbad Caverns. We spent the night there and the next morning we took the first trip down into the caverns. Really a marvelous sight. We walked all the way down to what they call the lunch room — a great big room — and we ate our lunch there. After lunch, we went to another part of the cavern where there were big stalactites and a reflecting pool. For a minute the guide turned out all the lights and this was the blackest blackness I ever knew. We rode back to the surface in an elevator.

Next we stopped at the Grand Canyon. We got there in time to see the sunset. You can just watch those formations all day and they are always changing as the light changes. The next morning we watched the tourists set off on the mules on the trip down the canyon. Not for me — those mules don't stay close enough to the wall.

That night we went to the ranger's station and he told us all about the canyon. We also watched some Indian dances. We spent still another night at the canyon and saw motion pictures and a museum.

Then we went on to Edith and Henry's in California. They took us to some of the old missions and to Dizney Land. Also to Knott's Berry

Farm. Today it is like a museum — antique stores, gold mines, and old-time things of the West like trains and covered wagons.

I guess you can say that I have done a good deal of traveling in my life time and I have enjoyed it all.

But speaking of Shangrilas, maybe my real one is right here on 54th Street. It is here in this house where so many babies have been born



My Shangrila

and it is here that we have enjoyed seeing our grandchildren grow up. It was here that Frank and I spent the last years after his retirement. After supper he would sit in that chair and I in this one and we would hold hands and watch television.

On July 27, 1956, Frank and I celebrated our Golden Wedding at the Police Benevolent Hall which Ed Bergquist got for us. The hall was nicely decorated and we got lots of beautiful gifts. Harvey and Annie Fitzpatrick were with us as they had been fifty years before as attendants at our wedding. We got fifty bouquets of flowers and a hundred twenty-five cards.

On July 27, 1970, Frank and I celebrated our sixty-fourth wedding anniversary. That was our last anniversary together. You see that chair is vacant now.



Frank and Estelle Zumwalt

PART IV

FAMILY AND FRIENDS

There were eleven of us Des-Rochers children. Four boys and I were born in Jacksonville, Leonore was born in Melrose, and the four younger girls and little Oscar were born in Lemon City. Ralph died when a small child, Calvin as a young man, and Oscar as a baby. Now Raymond and Arthur are gone, too, but all the DesRochers "girls" are still living.

Arthur had a machine shop on Miami River and he also had barges for hauling rocks and sand. He hauled into place those blue granite boulders from North Carolina which form the jetties on each side of Government Cut. When the ship, *Prinz Valdemar*, turned over and blocked the ship channel in 1925, Arthur took his barges out there and finally got that ship to shore where it later became a restaurant, a museum and a seaquarium at various times.

Arthur also salvaged the kaiser's yacht, the *Nohab*, and he gave each one of his sisters a silver platter or plate from that salvage. I still have mine.

Arthur married Lily Kraft from New York. They had two daughters and a son. The son, Art or Melville, as we call him, married Ruth and has a daughter, Connie, and two sons, Robert and Raymond. Arthur's older daughter, Leonore, has one son, Melvin. The other daughter, Anita, married Johnnie Callas and they have a daughter Barbara, and a son, Bruce, both of whom live in California. Anita and Leonore both live here as does Arthur's widow, Lily DesRochers, who lives in Lemon City.

Arthur is buried in the Masonic section of Woodlawn Cemetery. He was a Second Degree Mason.

Arthur's son, Art, and my son-in-law, Ed Bergquist, together with three policemen, own a houseboat at Stiltsville, down on the reef below Cape Florida. The first house they had there was built on a wooden barge and that went to pieces during a hurricane. Now the house is built on two steel barges filled with sand. The house was one that had to be moved because it was in the way of an expressway. It has a livingroom, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms and a porch. There is enough room outside the house to walk all the way around it. A generator furnishes electricity for lights and a refrigerator, and the stove uses bottled gas. It is a good place to fish and swim. During crawfish season you can catch crawfish right from the barge.

Art continues to operate the machine shop and the barges as his father did.

My brother Raymond went to school to Miss Ada Merritt in the Old Lemon City School east of the railroad, as did all of us older children. When he was a young man he had a motorcycle and one time

when he was riding along Flagler Street, a child ran out in the street in front of him. In order to dodge the child, he ran right into the display window of Budge's Hardware Store and cut a gash in his face which was sewed up by Dr. Gramling. Raymond used to wrestle at the Saturday night matches. Sometimes he wrestled Leslie Quigg who later became police chief.

Raymond married a Georgia girl named Rosella and they settled down in Sparks, Georgia, where he ran a grocery store. He died there. He and Rosella had no children.

My sister, Leonore, and my sister-in-law, Lillie, used to work in the courthouse. They worked at one time under Z. T. Merritt, Miss Ada's brother, who was clerk of the circuit court. Every morning they would ask Mr. Merritt how he felt and he always replied, "Quite poorly, thank the Lord."

One day when there was a hanging, Mr. Merritt let everyone off work so they could watch it if they wanted to. Leonore and Lillie couldn't bear to think of a man being hanged so they didn't go.

When Palm Beach and Broward Counties broke away from Dade, Leonore and Lillie helped to separate the records that had to be moved to the new counties.

At one time Leonore worked in the district welfare office. She married Archie McLean who worked most of his life for the Miami Post Office. Once they did go to Like Oak and try the dairy business for a while, but that didn't last.

Archie lived to be eighty-five and Leonore still lives at her home on N.E. 58th Street. Leonore and Archie had two children, Eddie and Evelyn.

Eddie and his wife Barbara have four sons — Donny, Johnny, Bobby and Jimmy. Evelyn is married to John Ed Corbett who is vice-president of the Florida East Coast Railroad in St. Augustine. Evelyn and John have two children, Mac and Nancy. Nancy has a little girl, Laura Lee, and Mac is going to college and teaching.

My sister Hazel married Walter Tinsley. Walter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Tinsley, came to Lemon City in the early days. They lived on N.W. 8th Avenue south of the Sherman's big house out on N.W. 62nd Street, and in those days that was out in the country. Mr. Tinsley worked on the Deering Estate at the same time Frank worked there. Walter Tinsley's mother was Rachel Smith before her marriage. Her brother, John Smith, once served as pastor of the Lemon City Baptist Church.

At one time, Walter Tinsley worked for the White Belt Dairy. Later he went into business selling feed to dairymen. Walter and Hazel had four children. One of them was killed in a tragic accident when he was six years old.

I mentioned that Leonore and Archie McLean once ran a dairy in Live Oak. Hazel and Walter were in on the same venture so they moved to Live Oak also. The death of little Henry Tinsley occurred at the

dairy. One day when his father was carrying water by truck to the cows in the pasture and Henry was going along for the ride, the boy fell off and a five-gallon water can fell on top of him, hitting his head and killing him instantly.

Hazel, now a widow and a teacher of china painting, has her three other children — Jimmy, Audrey and Martha. Jimmy lives in Alabama and has a son, Charles, who has two children, Butch and Mark. Audrey married Don McKibbin and they have two boys and a girl — David, Douglas and Donna. Don McKibbin works for Pan American Airways. Martha married Mr. Hewes and they have two children, Dale and Melanie.

The next DesRochers is Pearl. She married Ray Brown who used to have a meat market and grocery store on the corner of N.E. 2nd Avenue and 59th Street. His mother, Mrs. Brown, had a small but very popular restaurant for many years on the east side of 2nd Avenue, across the street from Ray's grocery. At Brown's Restaurant you got good home-cooked food at fair prices. Mrs. Brown was famous for her pies. At meal time it was common to see a line of people in front of the restaurant waiting their turn. Lemon City folks especially liked to go there to eat on Sunday following church.

Pearl was the best violinist in our family. She used one of the violins which Dad made. Pearl taught school in Lemon City until she retired. Then she and Ray moved to Kentucky to the farm which Ray inherited from his father. It was there on the Kentucky farm that Ray died of a heart attack. Then Pearl moved back to South Florida.

Ray and Pearl had two children — Hannah and Sara Beth. Hannah's husband died of a heart attack in Kentucky just as her father had. Hannah had to raise her two boys alone. They are Jeffery and Donald. Now Hannah lives in Hollywood and her mother, Pearl, lives in an apartment made from the garage on the same lot. Sara Beth and her husband are both musicians. They live in Wisconsin where they both sing in a choir and teach music. They have three girls — Catherine, Susan and Mary.

Una was born the night I graduated from Miami High School — April 28, 1906. Una married Oral Webb. They have two sons, Talmadge and Jerry. Dr. DuPuis and I delivered Talmadge, and soon after that Bobbie Jean was born, so I had two babies at once to take care of. Now Talmadge is married and has three children — Alan, Steve and Wendy. He works at the Kennedy Space Center. Jerry has three daughters — Laura, Susan and Leame — and Jerry works for a taxidermist.

The youngest DesRochers is Johnnie. Her real name is Ora and I have already told how John DuPuis gave her the name of Johnnie. Johnnie first married Clifford Carney and they had two sons, Richard and John. They lived in California. It was there that Carney dropped dead in the bathroom of his home. That was about twenty years ago. Johnnie has recently married again. She is Mrs. Raymond S. Franks and lives in San Diego, California. Richard has three children — Cathy,

Dannie and Bonnie. John also has three children — Johnnie, Lou and Steve. All of them live in California. I have visited them all there, and my sister Johnnie has recently been to Miami for a visit.

I would like to tell a little more about my in-laws the Zumwalts. Mr. William J. Zumwalt and his family came here before the railroad and had the first furniture store right here in Lemon City. They were three children — Frank James and Lillie. Lillie was my age and my friend, Frank was my husband.

One of the first persons buried in the Miami City Cemetery was Frank's greataunt, Eliza Oakley. She was a cousin of Annie Oakley who was in Buffalo Bill's Show and who has been immortalized in "Annie Get Your Gun."

The Zumwalts built that two-story house near here on N.E. 54th Street which one time belonged to the Roller family. It was in that house that Lillie married Francis Carroll, a lawyer from South Carolina. My father-in-law died in that house in 1917.

Lillie and Francis had two girls. The family lived in South Carolina until the children had grown. Then Mr. Carroll died and Lillie came back to Miami and lived with us for awhile. During World War II she got a job in Washington. Her last years were spent in a cottage on the back of Marjorie and Ed's place.

When she was in high school, Lillie had to write an essay about southern Florida. It was so well-written that I have kept a copy of it all these years and now I want her story to be included in this book. It describes very well the Lemon City area we knew as we were growing up.

SOUTHERN FLORIDA

by LILLIE ZUMWALT

*Knowest thou the land where the lemon tree blows
Where deep in the bowers the golden orange grows?
Where the zephyrs from heaven die softly away
And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay
Knowest thou it?*

The southern portion of Florida is very rocky and the ground is covered with palmettoes. Pine trees are quite thick in this region. These are all very useful, though, in building up the country. The rocks are grubbed up and used for roads, of which they make the finest to be had and beautiful carvings are done on the rocks found here. Many houses are made completely of them and are very pretty, tight and substantial. There are miles and miles of rock roads in southern Florida made by county convicts and crushed by steam rock-crushers. And in consequence of these fine roads and streets, hundreds of bicycles and automobiles are used here. The pine-trees are used for lumber and

stove-wood; the pine needles for stuffing pillows; the cones, especially the very tiny ones, for fancy-work; and turpentine and rosin are obtained from the trees. It requires several years for these trees to obtain their full height. Which is generally about seventy feet. The long-leaved or broom-pine and the pitch-pine are the kinds found here. There are several varieties of palmettoes growing in southern Florida, the common saw, the silver-leaved, the cabbage and the blue palmetto. The berries of the saw palmetto are used for medicine. A company has been formed in Dade County for the purpose of collecting the berries and making medicine with them. Their flavor is similar to that of the date, but they are much smaller and round in shape. The flower-stalk is about a yard in length and is covered with tiny but fragrant white flowers. These flower stalks and also the leaves are much used for decorative purposes; the roots for fuel, and for dyeing fish-lines and other articles. The root is woody and of a dark red color. The bud of the cabbage palmetto may be boiled and eaten as a cabbage. The palmetto leaves are often used for shading tender plants, and for covering little "shacks." Before the leaf is fully developed it is the stem known as the bud, coming up from the root, and is used for making hats and fancy articles. Many of the leaves are bought up by mattress factories and are then shredded and used for palmetto fiber mattresses. The majority of the palmetto hats are made in the Bahama Isles, and are called from the nickname of the inhabitants, "conch" hats. These hats are extensively used in southern Florida.

Many of the "Conchs" from the Bahamas who are a distinct class of people, have settled in southern Florida. Their language is similar to that of the cockney English, of whom they are descendants; every word commencing with an "h" is pronounced as if it did not, and it is put on words that do *not* commence with "h", as "heasy" for "easy"; their "V's" and "W's" change places in the same way. The tone in which they speak is also peculiar to their class, so that one can always tell whether a person is a Conch or not after hearing them speak. They are generally indolent people, their favorite occupation being fishing.

Hundreds of varieties of fish are found in Biscayne Bay, New River and other streams of southern Florida; pompano, tarpon, mullet, trout, Spanish mackerel, grunts, jew-fish, cavalian, snappers and manatee. The majority of the fish are about one and a half or two feet long, but the king-fish and tarpon are generally about five feet in length. The tarpon has large scales which are used for making fancy articles, such as pen-wipers, pin-cushions, etc. The tarpon are speared and mullet have to be caught in a cast-net. A fisherman can easily catch about ninety-five king fish in a day. These are sometimes dried and salted, and sold as "Biscayne cod." A large amount of mackerel and king-fish are packed in barrels, with ice to keep them, and shipped away, every winter. Many northern people come to southern Florida to enjoy the fishing, in the winter and spring. They go out in launches and sail-boats, and if a big catch is made, have a picture taken of it. Owners of launches often

charge ten dollars a day for taking parties out fishing. There are also found fish which are nuisances, such as the saw-fish, octopus, sharks, sting-rays and toad-fish. A crocodile is occasionally captured in "Crocodile Hole," a small inlet on the eastern shore of Biscayne Bay. Those found there are the true Egyptian crocodile, like those found in the Nile. The crocodile differs from the alligator by the former having fully webbed feet, and more slender snouts. The crocodile's egg is white, and is about four inches in length. A man known as "Alligator Joe" has established alligator farms at Miami and Palm Beach, in Dade County. He raises alligators and charges admittance for people to see his "farms" which are great attractions for tourists.

Southern Florida is visited by thousands of Northern and Western people every winter, who come to enjoy the climate, the hunting and fishing. "The pale health seeker findeth there, The wine of life in its pleasant air." Miami and West Palm Beach are striving to become the most noted winter resorts in the World; at each place Mr. H. M. Flagler, the President of the Florida East Coast Railway, has built splendid hotels. The Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach, is the largest wooden building in the world. Mr. Flagler's winter home "Whitehall" is at Palm Beach. The famous author, Kirk Munroe, has a home in Cocconut Grove. The late world-famous actor, Joseph Jefferson, owned a beautiful winter residence in Palm Beach. General John B. Gordon had his winter home at Biscayne, Florida.

The Florida East Coast Railway is now being put through to Key West. When this is completed, it will be the longest oceanic rail-way in existence. Trestles are being made from key to key, of which there is a long chain east and south of Florida. Key West is a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Sponging, fishing and cigar-making are the principal industries. The Key West cigars are known all over the world. The keys on the Florida coast are of coral formation. Pineapples are the chief things grown on them. The comptie plant is very prevalent in southern Florida. It grows to about one foot in height, with a root of the same length. The roots are put through a comptie mill and made into starch. Sometimes this starch is put through two or more processes and refined so that it makes a fine article for eating. The seed-pod comes up just on top of the ground, full of brilliant red berries. The leaves of the plant are used for decorating, as are also the berries when strung. The cassava plant also abounds here, from which a starch and flour is made. Tapioca is made in great quantities from it. This is also called manioc. The vanilla bean, the coffee plant and cotton also grow splendidly here. The Sub-tropical Experiment Station is just south of Miami; here all varieties of plants are experimented on, to find out what will grow in southern Florida. It is visited by many people daily.

Not far from this is the famous Punch Bowl, which is simply a hole in the rocks, from which the soldiers of the Seminole War obtained water to drink. At Arch Creek there is a natural bridge over the creek, formed by solid rock.

Many tourists like to go up the Miami River, which runs into the Everglades. It is a beautiful stream, though quite narrow.

Biscayne Bay is about thirty-five miles long, and is separated from the ocean by a chain of keys or islands. Parties go all through the year to the ocean, for picnics and bathing. A pavilion has been built just east of Miami, on the beach, for pleasure parties, where they have dances on moon-light evenings. Many people have availed themselves of the opportunity of procuring home-steads in southern Florida, which they can sell for a good price as the country builds up. In some of the places, south of Miami, the soil is of red clay.

Many varieties of vegetables are grown in southern Florida in the winter and spring, for northern markets. The principal crop is tomatoes. The trucker sometimes makes a good deal of money from his crops, but they are sometimes flooded or frozen out.

Many boys and men go turtling on the beach in summer. They walk the beach all night, and when a turtle crawls up to lay eggs, they turn her over, bring her to town, butcher and sell the meat. They lay their eggs in a deep, wide hole, which they dig in the beach. These turtle often weigh from five to six hundred pounds. The green turtle is the most valuable. There are several varieties, the green, hawk's-bill, trunk-back, leather-back, and logger-head. They are often captured with grains, from boats in the ocean.

Quite a few of the battles of the Seminole War were fought in Dade County.

Some Indians are still living in the Florida Everglades. They often come into the towns to buy supplies, and "wyomi", which is their word for whiskey, and to sell deer, alligators and huckle-berries. Some still wear the Indian costume, but others dress either partly or wholly like white men, whom they call "esttachatta". "Easciluski" is their word for negro; "holiwagus" means "no good," "ojus" means "plenty", "hyepus" means "go fast", "allapattah" means "alligator", and Miami means "sweet-water." Their houses consist of a frame-work of poles, which is covered with palmetto leaves. They live in a very rough, hand-to-mouth way. They are quite friendly with white people.

A few miles south-east of Miami is the old, abandoned Florida light-house. This is the second light-house which has been built on the Cape; the first was the scene of an awful massacre in the Seminole War, and was afterwards torn down by the Indians.

Many tropical fruits are grown in southern Florida; the lime, lemon, kumquat, loquat, banana, guava, rose-apple, maumee-apple, sugar-apple, Surinam cherry, mango, Tee Ess, paw/paw, sapodilla, pine-apples, pomelo and avocado pear, commonly called alligator pear. Most of these fruits can be put up in various ways.

Southern Florida has brilliant flowers and ornamental plants all the year round; the many varieties of hibiscus, the Spanish bayonet, century plants, royal palms, date palms, travelers palm, wild fig or banyans, oleander, daturas, royal poincianas, dwarf poinciannas and cocoanut

trees. The cocoanut leaves are used for decorative purposes, fancy articles are made from the fibre, and the nut is either eaten raw, or cooked in various ways. Most people like to drink the milk from the nut. The nut is encased in a very hard, fibrous shell, which has to be chopped open with a hatchet.

The following song (author unknown) is very appropriate for Florida.

"Sweet Florida in beauty
Blooms on the Ship of State,
The fairest of her sisterhood,
The favorite of fate,
Home of the lime and lemon,
The orange, citron, too;
Yes, every fruit to please the taste,
And flowers to bless the view."

Chorus

"Oh! Florida forever!
We love her fragrant flowers,
Her luscious fruits,
Her balmy air,
Her lakes and birds and bowers.
Sweet land of light and beauty,
God bless her flag unfurled,
And look with loving favor on
This garden of the world."

"Old Ponce de Leon's fountains
Send forth perennial streams;
Her lovely vales and hammock land,
More fair than fairest dreams.
Through dark, unbroken forests,
In Nature's deep repose,
It makes the wild and lonely place
To blossom as the rose."

The Henry Beach family lived here in Miami and they had Henry and Albert, Jack and Violet. I helped deliver some of their babies. Henry's brother Albert, married Clayton Lewis' sister Pearl. Pearl and Albert have one daughter, Joyce. She and her husband, Lee, have a son, Rickey. Henry Beach, Sr. used to be a wood turner — made fancy doors for homes. Clayton's parents were Jesse and Annie Lewis. They had Clayton, Raymond, Pearl, Margaret, and Betty. All those children have children and grand-children most of them living in the Miami area. Mr. Lewis was a carpenter and helped build the Biltmore Hotel.

James Zumwalt was Frank's younger brother. James married Verna

Cooper of Buena Vista when she was only sixteen. They ran away to Ft. Lauderdale and then they stayed with us for a week. Verna's father worked for the railroad and James worked all his life as baggage master for the railroad.

James and Verna built a one-story house at 243 N.E. 54th Street which was right next to James' father's house. That little house was really passed around in our family and maybe it shows how close we have always been as a family. My daughter Dorothy and her husband lived there for years after James and Verna moved to a larger house. After Dorothy's girls married, Dorothy and Clayton sold the house to my sister-in-law Lillie who by then was a widow and had returned to Miami. Lillie rented the house and lived with us. Then Lillie sold the house to Aunt Josie, Dad's sister, who had lived in Leesburg until her husband died. Aunt Josie lived there for seven years and I took care of her business, took her shopping and kept an eye on her.

Only when Aunt Josie got to where she could no longer care for herself did she give up her little house. Then she moved to Una's in El Portal and there was a companion to care for her. When she died we took her back to Leesburg to be buried beside Uncle John.

James and Verna Zumwalt had two children, Marian and Edgar. Marian married Clayton Lee and they had no children. Edgar married Nathalie Price and they have two children, Yvonne and Tommy. Now Tommy has three boys — Tommy, Jr., Robert and William. These are the only ones carrying on the Zumwalt name.

James died March 10, 1963. Verna married again July 24, 1966. She married John Eitl and they made their home in Hialeah. Both were retired Eastern Airways employees and they enjoyed many travel opportunities. John died February 25, 1972.

My first child and only son was born in 1907 while we were living on the Deering Estate. He was named Frank like his father but usually we called him Frankie to distinguish between them.

Frankie graduated from the University of Florida with a degree in pharmacy. While he was working as a pharmacist at Miami Beach he met Lois Peterson of Rockford, Illinois, who was working at the same drugstore. Soon Frankie was transferred to Pensacola and in a few months Lois went to Pensacola, too, and Frankie and Lois were married there. Lois had a son, Billy Burkman, from her first marriage. Lois and Frankie had no children but Frankie was very fond of Billy and Billy thought a lot of Frankie. Now Bill is a major in the army. He is married and has three sons — Douglas, Kenneth and Brian.

Lois passed away several years ago and more recently Frankie married Anna Torres from Puerto Rico and they are very happy together.

Dorothy, our second child, married Clayton Lewis and they lived in that one-story house on 54th Street which I have already mentioned was built by James Zumwalt. They had two daughters — Catherine and Bobbie Jean. Catherine married Carl Edwards and they live in Hialeah. Carl was in the Korean War. They have no children.

Bobbie Jean married Arthur Lock. And there is another sad story.

I remember like it was yesterday that Christmas of 1954. Bobbie Jean and Arthur were living with his parents in North Miami and their only child, Sherry Ann, was not quite two years old. Arthur was a policeman. I had my family here for Christmas and Catherine and Carl had brought a little ironing board and iron for Sherry Ann and Sherry Ann had played with that and then she helped pass the goodies around and everyone was relaxed and happy.

After Bobbie Jean and Arthur got home Bobbie Jean was fixing a turkey for the Lock family and she needed some bread and milk and Arthur went to the store for it, taking Sherry Ann and a six-year-old neighbor child. While Arthur was in the store the neighbor girl found Arthur's revolver under the seat and managed to pull the trigger. Sherry Ann died instantly.

Bobbie Jean and Arthur never got over this tragedy and finally they were divorced. Bobbie Jean moved to California and there she met and married Roger Duncan. They have two children — Roger and Cathy. They have recently bought a new home and they are very happy. They were here to visit us in July, 1972.

Edith, our third child, was born in Moore Haven January 13, 1918. When Edith was about twelve we were living for a time on the Warwick place near Chapman Field. Frank set out and cared for the Warwick grove, particularly the budding of the trees. Edith went to school in South Miami and I had charge of the school cafeteria for a time.

I remember one incident that gave us a good laugh. Edith had a white poodle and one time when we were at the Warwick washhouse and I was doing our laundry and Edith and the dog were there. I set a pail of hot starch down and the dog came along and sat down in it. You should have heard him yipping and running across the yard wiggling his little behind and trying to get rid of the starch. Edith laughing and running after him at the same time. Henry Beach who was in the Navy came down to visit us at the Warwick place. He said to Edith, "You are going to be my wife." She was way too young then to think about marriage, but when she was sixteen he came back and they were married right here in this room. Now he is a retired naval officer and they live in California.

Edith and Henry have two girls and a boy. When the oldest girl, Mildred, was born they were living in Quantico, Virginia. I went up to help Edith at that time. While she was in the hospital and there was nothing for me to do I went to Washington, saw the Smithsonian and other important buildings and went to Arlington Cemetery. The cherries were in bloom but there was also some snow on the ground.

Henry got shipped out for duty in the Pacific and Edith and Mildred came down here with me for awhile. Her second child, Irene, was born upstairs in the room I have now. Frank went for Dr. DuPuis with whom I had worked on so many baby cases. Before he could get there, Irene was born. By then I had had a lot of experience with babies.

Later Edith and Henry had a son, Terry, born at San Pedro, California. Now Mildred has two girls and a boy — Susan, Linda and Rickey. Irene has two adopted girls, Traci and April. Terry has a girl and a boy, Kathy and Terry, Jr.

Our youngest daughter, Marjorie, married Edward Bergquist during the Second World War. Edward was in that war and they were living in San Diego when their first son, David, was born. That was January 26, 1943. After the war they came back here and were living in this house with us when the second son, Jack was born. That was November 17, 1946, and I took care of Marjorie and Jack.

Now Ed and Marjorie have a house south of Miami River and east of 27th Avenue. It is right on the river. You can see the big boats go by and also the seacows. They bought their home from Mrs. Marjorie Alexander who then moved in with her mother across the street. Everyone calls Marjorie Alexander "Midge." My Marjorie and Ed and Midge became close friends so all my children and Frank and I became friends with Midge, too. When Marjorie was away for a few days Midge would look out for the dogs. And both Marjorie and Midge are interested in rocks and they have made some beautiful jewelry. Marjorie has sold some of hers. Midge has a great many antiques and she has given some of them to me and to each of our children.

Marjorie started working for the Social Security office in 1952 and has been working there ever since. First she was in the office on Miami Avenue, then in the Herald building and now on Miami Beach. Now she is administrative aide and private secretary to Mr. Saenger.

Dixie Smith became Marjorie's good friend when they both worked at the Miami Avenue office. Once Dixie and her little daughter, Elaine, lived in Dorothy's house for a time. Now Dixie has three children — Elaine, Bryan and Melissa — and she is one of the top administrators in the Miami Social Security Office.

I have already mentioned that Ed Bergquist is part owner of a house in Stiltsville. One time when Marjorie's sons, David and Jack, wanted to spend a week at the barge and Marjorie couldn't go, Leonore and I went to look after the boys. We had a very relaxing time, swimming, fishing, and playing games. One night David hooked something big — so big that it pulled him clear along the side of the barge from east to west. Leonore ran to get Jack and I ran to help David. David and Jack together managed to pull in a six-foot shark.

In crawfish season there is good luck out on that reef if you know where to go. Frankie and his friends would take a glass-bottom bucket and a flashlight and go where the water is shallow — the place called the "flats." The light attracts the crawfish and you can see him through the glass and scoop him up into a net.

When we moved into this house in 1918 our neighbors down the street in the two-story house which the Zumwalt family had built were Professor Earnest Roller, his wife and two sons, George Philip and Earnest B. Frankie and George Philip got to be great friends. Both were

crazy about guns and going fishing and boating. They liked to climb trees and swing from vines and pretend they were Tarzan.

It was in that house that Mrs. Roller died, still quite young. She was such a little thing that the undertaker just carried her down the steps in his arms. After that George Philip and Earnest B. would drop into our house almost every day. I felt like I was a kind of second mother to those boys.

Professor Roller was a teacher at the Dade County Agricultural High School. In the '30's he and his sons returned to their farm in Illinois and we somewhat lost track of them for a time. Then Frankie went to see them and got a ride on the train on the little track which Philip had built on his farm for the amusement of his family and friends.

Later Philip and his wife, Rachel, moved back to Miami. When Frankie married Anna Torres, Philip was best man and the Rollers had the wedding reception at their home.

It is Rachel Roller's sister, Thelma Peters, who is recording this book as I recall my memories.

One of the threads which runs through most of my life is the school — by whichever name — Lemon City School, Dade County Agricultural High or Edison. The first school began somewhere east of the railroad track in the 1880's, but that was before my time. I remember well the four-room, two-story wooden building built in 1897 near 60th Street east of the railroad. By this date there were sixty pupils and five teachers. There was no janitor — the pupils took turns cleaning up. Professor Earnest Roller served as principal of this school for a short time in 1912, filling out the term after Professor Davis resigned to run for School Superintendent.

When this school blew down about 1915 the lumber was used to build a parsonage for the Reverend J. B. Rogers, pastor of the Lemon City Baptist Church.

The early school had a Mothers' League but later this turned into the P.T.A.

Dade County Agricultural School came into existence in 1915, a dream of Dr. DuPuis. A. C. Alleshouse became principal in 1917, and was succeeded in 1920 by W. O. Lockhard. In 1922 J. N. McArthur was principal, and in 1923 Jesse G. Fisher became principal.

Carl Wagner, the nephew of Mr. Fisher, was the first regularly employed athletic coach, and in 1923 \$2,000 was raised from private donations and a wooden gymnasium was constructed. This gym was destroyed in the 1926 hurricane.

In 1928 the high school was separated from the elementary and a fine new building was constructed for it on the east side of N.W. 62nd Street. In 1931 the name was changed to Miami Edison High School.

Miss Elizabeth Miller (later Mrs. F. J. Routon) put on some wonderful plays on an outdoor stage. But later there was a large auditorium built next to the high school and here the plays were even better and better-attended. In fact the auditorium became a community center with

many activities.

Mrs. Olive Slingluff organized the first orchestra and glee club. The first annual was printed in 1923 and called Siegga — Aggies backward. Mrs. Ada T. Majors founded the famous girls' drill team, the Cadettes, Edith, Marjorie and Audrey were all Cadettes.

For the record I am including the officers and activities of the P.T.A.

1913 — Mothers' League. President, Mrs. Charles T. Simpson; Secretary, Mrs. Frank Zumwalt; other charter members, Mrs. Edgar Higgs, Mrs. Will Filer, Mrs. Henry DesRochers, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. DuPuis. Year's project: purchase of writing and art materials.

1914 — Name changed to Mothers' and Teachers' League. President, Mrs. Edgar Higgs. Upon her resignation in September, the League elected Mrs. Frank Zumwalt as president.

1915 - 16 — President, Mrs. Frank Zumwalt. Year's project: helping to clear new school yard at N.W. 2nd Avenue, planting trees and providing baseball diamond for boys and volleyball and nets for girls.

1917 — President, Mrs. William Teddy. League joined Dade County Federation of Women's Clubs. Project: contributions to Christmas fund for State Reform School at Marianna.

1918 — President, Mrs. George B. Haeger. Name changed to Dade County Agricultural High School Parent-Teacher Association. Project: purchase of service flag commemorating boys from the school who served in World War I.

1919 — President, Mrs. George B. Haeger. Projects: help organize a kindergarten and start a Home Economic Department. Also contributed to a scholarship fund.

1920 - 21 — President, Mrs. A. C. Perrine who soon resigned. Mrs. Frank Zumwalt elected to fill vacancy. Projects: a scholarship to a pupil of the school, Miss Mary Lee. County-wide campaign for physical examinations for all school children.

1922 — President, Mrs. J. L. Holden. (No records available.)

1923 — President, Miss Alice MacVicar. Project: soliciting funds to build a gymnasium.

1924 — President, Reverend J. D. Lewis. Piano purchased for school and scholarship fund continued.

1925 — President, Mrs. B. C. Bracken. Upon her resignation in October she was succeeded by Mrs. D. I. Haynes. Project: dishes and spoons for school lunchroom. Beginning the custom of giving one painting to the school library each year (called the president's picture) to acquaint the pupils with art.

1926 — President, Mrs. D. I. Haynes. Projects: improved restrooms and a new piano.

1927 — President, Mrs. C. B. Yates. Projects: operating a lunch

room with Mrs. Clara Brooks as manager. Membership reached 300.

1928 — President, Mrs. E. S. Moore. Project: operation of lunchroom. Lunchroom moved from gymnasium to basement of school.

1929 - 30 — President, Mrs. Cecil Turner. Projects: getting sidewalks for new high school, planting trees, installing radio with loud speakers, helped with bond election to get new high school auditorium.

1931 - 33 — President, Mrs. L. C. West. Projects: mothers made 26 band uniforms for the band. Electrical equipment for new cafeteria.

1933 - 34 — President, Mrs. P. G. Pemberton. Projects: served as hosts to Florida P.T.A. Sponsored senior dance and banquet for the graduates.

1934 - 35 — President, Mrs. P. G. Pemberton. Projects: hosts to Dade County Council Institute, helped with national Congress in Coral Gables. New band uniforms, ditto machine, incubator for biology classes and books for library.

1935 - 36 — President, Mrs. J. C. Womble. Project: landscaping the school patio as a memorial to John L. Butts.

1937 - 38 — President, Mrs. William A. Lang. Projects: equipment for cafeteria, tuning piano, sponsoring Senior Class play.

1939 - 40 — President, Mrs. Rose Livermore. Projects: sponsored school dances, banquet for football team. Book covers for library.

1941 - 42 — President, Mrs. D. H. McCluney. Projects: weekly sale of War Bonds, supplies for teachers' restrooms.

1943 - 44 — President, Mrs. Ivan Fritz. Membership reached 617. Project: operating cafeteria, serving 1800 lunches daily.

1944 - 45 — President, Mrs. Evan Fritz. Projects: benches for dance patio, books for library, continued operation of cafeteria.

1945 - 46 — President, Mrs. A. W. Graham. Projects: blankets for first-aid room, large fan for room showing motion pictures.

1946 - 47 — President, Mrs. H. J. Mangus. Projects: electric water coolers. Sponsored Senior Skip Day.

1947 - 48 — President, Mrs. John Schraedel. School cafeteria no longer run by P.T.A. Project: hosts to Dade County Installation Banquet.

1949 - 50 — President, Mrs. W. B. Stringfellow. Projects: Senior Skip Day and Senior Banquet. Reception honoring retiring principal, Jesse G. Fisher.

1950 - 51 — President, Mrs. J. J. Smalley, who resigned in January and was succeeded by Mrs. George Hosbach. Mr. Robert A. Wilson succeeded Mr. Fisher as principal.

1951 - 53 — President, Mrs. Paul Kells. Projects: Helped with Mobile X-Ray tests, Edison's Homecoming Parade, Skip Day, Annual Faculty Luncheon, Civil Defense meetings.

One of the organizations to which I have belonged since it was founded in 1936 and one I have enjoyed and in which I have had many friends is the Miami Pioneers which has a clubhouse on the Miami River near Northwest 3rd Street. In the club house are portraits of some of the early settlers of Miami: Julia Tuttle who once owned all of downtown Miami, Mr. John Reilly who became Miami's first mayor, Isador Cohen who had an early store in Miami and Dr. James M. Jackson who was one of the early doctors in Miami and for whom Jackson Memorial Hospital is named.

Among our friends in the Pioneers was an early Lemon City road builder, H. L. Clark, and his son, Jack, and his daughter Frances.

We have had many other good friends in Lemon City. P. W. Ganaway was a builder and church worker and his family was a neighbor of Leonore's. George Chandler drove the woodburning rock crusher that helped build the early streets. Another family that lived near Leonore was the Whitehead family. Gladys Whitehead was a daughter of W. I. Peters and all the Peters and DesRochers families grew up near one another. Both Gladys (or Midge as we called her) and Leonore studied china painting from my sister, Hazel.

Among our neighbors was the Faus family. Mr. Oliver H. H. Faus was a Lemon City postmaster. Other postmasters I remember before Lemon City became just a branch post office were William A. Filer, John C. Knight, Wilhelm F. Gruener, Edgar L. Eaton, Louibelle J. Goode, Josey P. Goode, and Ethel H. Gannaway.

Mr. Faus had two children who remained all their lives in the Lemon City area. One was Lena May Faus who married Mr. Butler. He died young and she remained a widow, teaching at Edison Elementary School. The other child was Joseph who never married. Joseph Faus was a writer for the local papers and wrote many stories about the early days here.

Mr. Joseph Faus wrote a story about Mr. Henry Flagler coming to Lemon City in a carriage and staying at the Carey House. Flagler admired the property belonging to Mr. Lewis Pierce and known as Pierce's Point — about where Morningside Park is today. While Flagler was admiring this land a local resident, Charles Schmidt, who had been born in Germany, was fishing on the dock, and caught a four-pound trout. Mr. Flagler admired the catch. Mr. Schmidt heard him say he would like to build a hotel right there.

Mr. Pierce told Mr. Flagler that he did not want to sell but that he would give him the right of way for his railroad. So Mr. Flagler moved four miles south and built his hotel on the Miami River.

Judge Hefferman used to live in the Sherman house and he and Leonore used to ride their bicycles together to Miami. Helen Denihan lived next door to us and was a good friend of Dorothy's. She married Joe Siddons and I took care of her when one of her daughters was born.

Mr. and Mrs. Escott, Mary and Jeanie, lived near us on N.E. 55th Street and the girls were close friends of Catherine. The Escotts own an electrical store. Mr. and Mrs. Harley and sons, Jack and Bobbie,

were our neighbors. They are active workers in the Baptist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, Sarah, Mary Ruth and George, were neighbors and the two girls have been good friends of Edith's all these years. The Claytons own a jewelry store in Little River.

My father's nephew, Gideon DesRochers, and his wife, Hope, and their friends, Elmer and Ivy Price, came to Miami to live and they had several grocery stores. The largest was on N.W. 22nd Avenue and called the P and D. The Prices lived upstairs over the store and when their son, Billy, was born I took care of Mrs. Price. Now little Billy is a doctor. Billy's sister, Nathalie, married Edgar Zumwalt. Mildred, their oldest daughter, married Bob Warren and they have a daughter, Bette. Fred, Marion and Freddie Lienhare are neighbors of Catherine and Carl in Hialeah and have been our friends for many years.

Miss Florence Greenfield, my good friend and neighbor, and Mrs. Grace Smart have been friends of mine through the years.

These are some of our friends and friends of the DesRochers and Zumwalt families. It is impossible to mention them all.

Many of our friends we knew in the First Baptist Church of Lemon City. This church was the first Baptist Church to be organized between Cocoa and Key West. It was organized May 6, 1896. The twelve charter members were: F. W. Soar, Hugh Latimer, Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Zumwalt, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Padgett, John Moody, Mrs. Mary L. Pierce, and Mrs. Susie G. White. Mrs. W. J. Zumwalt was the organist.

At the time the church was organized we had not arrived in Lemon City, but when we came two months later we began to attend this church and all the DesRochers and Zumwalt children went here to Sunday School. Most of them were baptized in this church. I have already mentioned that I was the first girl to be baptized in the church building and Frank and I were the first couple to be married there, so you can see the church holds an important place in my memories.

At first the congregation used the school house, but in 1900 we purchased two lots at what is now N.E. 2nd Avenue and 59th Street. The church which was erected in 1903 cost \$600. Some of the money for the church was raised by a play put on in Pierce's sponge warehouse and called "Aunt Jolly's Wax Works." My father helped construct the church and later the Sunday School class, which I taught, raised the money to buy the bell. The first pastor was the Rev. W. E. Stanton.

In 1925 the old church was sold and a new one built at N.W. 60th Street and 1st Place. By that time Lemon City was a part of Miami. When the First Baptist Church of Miami changed its name to the Central Baptist Church, our church changed from the First Baptist Church of Lemon City to the First Baptist Church of Miami.

The church, like the school, has played a very important part in my life and must have a proper place in my memories.

My grandson, Jack and Ed's son married Gloria J. Metcalf in this church quite recently — November 30, 1972. Jack's brother, David,

was best man and Gloria's sister was her bridesmaid. Jack and David are great grandsons of William J. and Abbie Zumwalt who were charter members of the church.

Jack, Gloria, and Andy (5) — Gloria's son by a previous marriage — live in the Greater Miami Area. David and his wife Sandra are Captains in the Air Force. They and their son, Rion Eric (2), move around wherever the Air Force sends them.

Today I see many changes, but I look back with content. My life has been rich with family and friends. I have worked hard but I have enjoyed working hard. I like to watch my grandchildren growing up and to putter around in my garden. And often when I am sitting alone in front of the TV I don't feel alone at all. It is just like Frank is beside me as he was for most of my years.

SOME OF MY FAVORITE RECEIPES

GREEN POLE BEANS

- 4 lbs. green beans
- wash and cut in 1 inch pieces
- 1 qt. cold water
- 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. black pepper
- 2 tbs. sugar.
- 1 lb. ham or bacon
- boil until tender.

WAFFELS

- 1 qt. white flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- Stir well.
- 4 egg yolks beaten, stick melted oleo
- 1 pint milk, mix everything.
- Add more milk to make a thin batter.
- Stir in beaten whites of 4 eggs. Cook.

GERMAN POTATO SALAD

- 1 qt. boiled potatoes, 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{3}$ lb. of cut up bacon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar cook all together 10 minutes.
- Serve hot or cold.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

- 2 No. 2 cans sweet potatoes
- Cut and layer potatoes, on each layer put brown sugar, slices of orange and lemon, and butter. Bake 2 hours, cover with marshmallows and brown them.

EGGPLANT SALAD

1 large eggplant - peel, slice into

$\frac{1}{2}$ inch slices, soak in salt water 6 hours. Drain, wash in cold water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 1 tbs. salt, 3 cloves garlic or 1 onion, 2 green peppers, 2 tomatoes.

Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Cool 15 minutes. Add 1 tsp. vinegar. 4 tbs. catsup, 2 tbs. sugar. Chill. Serves 8.

OAKRA AND TOMATOES

Wash and cut oakra. Cut 2 onions, fry in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon, 1 can tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. sugar. Cover and cook.

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BAKED CHIOTES

Boil 4 chiotos $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, peel and cut in 1 inch pieces, put in layers in a baking dish, $\frac{1}{4}$ stick oleo, $\frac{1}{2}$ can mushroom soup, make another layer. On the top put $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. sliced bacon in small pieces, slightly browned, and 1 small can tomatoes, and 2 tbs. sugar. Bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

FRESH VEGETABLE CHILI

2 lbs. ground beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup onion, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, 1 bay leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green peppers, 4 cups tomatoes, $10\frac{1}{2}$ oz. beef broth, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. hot pepper sauce, 1 tbs. salt, 2 tsp. sugar. Cook one hour.

BLACK EYE PEAS, HOG JOWL, RICE

Eat New Year's day for good luck.

1 lb. dried peas, soak in hot water all night, wash, cover with hot water, put in 1 lb. hog jowl. 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper, 2 tbs. sugar. Cook 1 lb. rice, 2 tsp. salt. Cook Serve peas on top of rice.
2 tsp. salt. Cook Serve peas on top of rice.

YOUNG TURNIPS AND GREENS

Wash and cut greens in small pieces. Peel turnips, add water, 1 lb. salt bacon, 1 tbs. sugar, pepper. Cook.

Use 1 tbs. sugar in all greens and fresh vegetables.

BUFFET BERGERS

2 lbs. ground steak. $\frac{3}{4}$ cup wheat germ, 2 eggs, 2 onions, 2 tbs. Warcheshire sauce, 2 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. marjoram, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. thyme. Fry.

KNOCKWURST AND SOURKRAUT

1 lb. knockwurst, 2 lbs. sourkraut. 2 onions, 2 tbs. oleo. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

APPLE-STUFFED ACORN SQUASH

2 acorn squash, 2 tart apples, 1 tbs. lemon juice, grated rind, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ tsp. cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water.

Cut squash in half, remove seeds, bake in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hot water 25 min. Fill shells with mixture.

Place in baking dish with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hot water. Cover and bake 30 minutes.

KEY LIME PIE

10 inch graham cracker and vanilla wafer crust. 1 can condensed milk, 4 egg yolks, 5 tbs. sugar, added to 4 beaten egg whites, 1 tsp. vanilla. 3 oz. key lime juice, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt. Mix everything until smooth, whip egg whites, fold into mixture.

10 inch deep pie pan, put 5 crackers, and two cut in triangles. Stand 16 vanilla wafers. Pour mixture into crust. Freeze.

MANGO ICECREAM

Peel and mash 6 mangos, mix with 2 qts. vanilla ice cream. Freeze.

MANGO SHERBET

Peel and mash 6 mangos, 1 cup sugar, 2 tbs. lemon juice, freeze in ice tray for 15 minutes, add beaten whites 2 eggs. Freeze.

COCOANUT ICECREAM. FREEZE.

Use juice and jelly from 3 half grown cocoanuts. Mash and mix with 2 qts. icecream.

COCOANUT BLEND

One mature cocoanut, remove the brown skin, cut white meat into $\frac{1}{3}$ inch pieces, put in blender with juice of cocoanut, blend until a mush.

BANANA ICECREAM. FREEZE.

Mash 6 bananas, mix with 2 qts. icecream.

VEGETABLES VITAMINS

Cut 6 carrots into 1 inch pieces, 6 stalks celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ head lettuce, 1 cup water, put in blender, grind to a liquid. Mix with cottage cheese.

FRESH FRUIT PUNCH

Squeeze juice from 12 oranges, 6 grapefruit, 4 lemons, 6 limes, 12 calamandens, and 12 cherries. Bring to a boil 3 cups sugar and two packages of cool aid mix with 4 qts. of water and juice. Stir well.

TURKEY OR CHICKEN DRESSING

1 large loaf dry bread, break in small pieces.

Cook until tender, two necks, liver, gizzard, and celery in 1 qt. water, 1 tbs. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper, 1 tbs. sage, 1 tbs. poultry seasoning, $\frac{1}{2}$ roll of sausage. Remove meat from necks, cut liver and gizzard in small pieces. Cool liquid. Put everything in a big pan. Mix well. Stuff bird, then put rest of dressing around the bird. Cover and roast.

ANY KIND OF GRAVY

2 cups liquid, salt, pepper, boil, 2 tbs. flour dissolved in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk. Stir into liquid, boil 5 minutes.

OYSTER STEW

1 qt. milk $\frac{1}{2}$ stick oleo, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{3}$ tsp. pepper, 1 can oysters, or fresh ones. Bring milk to a boil. Add oysters. Cook ten minutes. Serve with oysterette crackers.

BEEF OR LAMB STEW

2 lbs. meat cut in small pieces. Brown in fat, cook 1 hour in 2 qts. of water, 2 tbs. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper. Cut up 4 onions, 6 potatoes, 6 carrots, 6 stalks celery, 1 can tomatoes. Add to meat and cook one hour.

FRESH EGG CUSTARD OR PIE

Six eggs, well beaten. 1 qt. milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 tbs. nutmeg. 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 tsp. salt. Mix well. Pour into baking dish, cups, or pie crust. Bake until knife comes out clean.

GREEN PAPAYA PIE

Peel, cut and cook fruit. Mix with 1 cup sugar. 2 tbs. lemon juice, 2 tsp. nutmeg. Fill pie crust, cover with another crust.

LEMON CUSTARD OR PIE, OR CAKE FILLING

1 cup sugar, 1 cup canned milk, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 tbs. grated lemon ring, 2 tbs. cornstarch, mix and cook 20 minutes.

Pour into pie crust. Make a 3 layer cake. Fill two layers with custard.

BAKED BEANS

2 No. 2 cans baked beans

3 tbs. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup ketchup,

3 onions slightly cooked in $\frac{1}{3}$ lb. of sliced bacon, 1 tbs. mustard.

Mix well, bake 2 hours.

CRAWFISH SALAD OR CHOWDER

Boil crawfish, cut in small chunks, boil irish potatoes and onions, bacon, salt, pepper, add crawfish. Serve hot or cold.

EGGPLANT - MOCK OYSTER

Peel and cut eggplant into small pieces, cover with salt water and soak all night. Drain and wash in cold water. Drain and add 1 cup water, cook 20 minutes, mix 2 tbs. brown sugar, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tbs. powdered milk, 1 cup crumbled crackers, $\frac{1}{4}$ stick oleo, add eggplant. Stir well. Put in a baking dish, cover with cracker crumbs, add $\frac{1}{4}$ stick of melted oleo. Bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

"I wish to express my sincere appreciation to Thelma Peters for her time, patience, and talents in helping me prepare this book."

Estelle C. Zumwalt



Dr. Thelma Peterson Peters was born in Independence, Missouri, but has spent all of her adult life in Miami, Florida.

She taught high school classes at the Miami Edison High School for 27 years, taught one year at the University of Miami, and 9 years at Miami Dade Junior College, where she retired as the Division Director of Social Sciences.

She is also the author of many novels and short stories which have been published in national magazines.

Thelma Peters is presently serving as a research consultant for the new historical museum at 3280 South Miami Ave., Miami, Florida. This is a volunteer position.

